THE DRAMA OF THE FACE

ELWIN L. HOUSE

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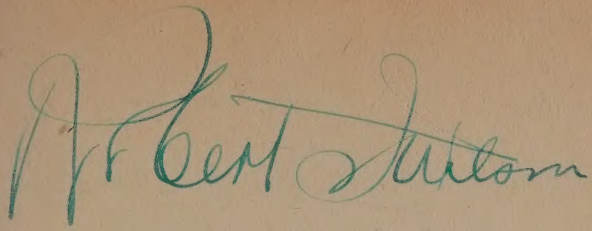

THE
Drama of the Face

AND

Other Studies in Applied Psychology

BY

ELWIN LINCOLN HOUSE, D.D.
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"The Mind of God," etc.

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TO MOTHER,
WHOSE FACE AND LIFE WERE
AN INSPIRATION

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PREFACE

THERE is a call today for a practical, Christian application of the principles of Psychology. These lecture sermons have been given to thousands in the churches and on the Chautauqua platform. They have been highly commended by the clergy, laity and the press of the country, and are now sent forth to the larger service of humanity. The author trusts they may bring inspiration, illumination, and help to all who read them, and that greater devotion, more virility and service may be given to Christ and His Church.

E. L. H.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

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I

THE DRAMA OF THE FACE

JUST as botany collects all discoverable forms of plant life, and describes their roots, foliage, blossoms and fruit, so the Drama of the Face treats of all the sensations, emotions, and expressions that are to be seen in the countenance of man. And just as there is no limitation to the study of botany because of the new species constantly appearing, so there is no limitation to the study of the face.

"There is a story in every face. The face we have at fifteen is the one God has given. Our face at fifty is the one we have made for ourself. The old man's face is a history; the young man's face is a prophecy. The old man's face is a fact about himself; the young man's face is a theory—a dream in the future."

I like old faces because they are almost always true. The old man's face is his autobiography; it is his life in miniature. Watch an old person's face in all its expressions and you will have a complete composite picture of the soul. What is more sad in all the world than the old age which has lived for itself—the face with love and sympathy left out? Such a face is full of thoughts and impulses that were born and lived a while and were stifled forever.

What on the other hand, is more joyous than the face

of a grand old man? It is a kind of God's approval, heaven's benediction of a true life. Some one has said that every face ought to be beautiful at forty, and that no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful.

From our earliest days of conscious life, we begin observing the changes which flit over the countenances of those around us. By a kind of unspoken discourse we come to recognize their feelings and to show sympathy or aversion, as our impressions may lead us.

Now this being true, it is passing strange that through all the centuries men should have held themselves aloof from any study of the face as a method of revelation. The astronomers have studied the heavens to find proof of God's presence; the scientists have endeavoured to systematize their knowledge and to interpret nature's laws, to provide the presence of a presiding intelligence in nature and life. Moralists have shown us how religion within us is profitable for the life without, ennobling business, exalting life. But the climax of nature's work is the human body. And this temple is an illuminated cathedral, in which the soul dwells. In looking out of the eyes, what signals are waved? What revelations are made? If the potter makes his revelations of beauty through the clay; if the inventor shows his genius in the engine, so God makes His revelation of beauty and strength in the face of His child.

The power of any face depends on the vividness and variety of expression constantly passing over it. We use the powers in our possession without the consciousness that the face is revealing what is going on

within. All our special senses are employed from early life without any knowledge of the structure we are using. The ear fulfills its function, and the eye, and the tongue without any knowledge on our part. If we stop and think about it, then we realize it. But how much is done by these organs of sense without any apparent thought of what they are doing and accomplishing. And thus is it with the face. From early life it keeps on doing its part in manifesting our feelings, and we are not aware of its work.

All this comes from the fact that the special senses have their seat in the face or in close connection with it. With the exception of the organ of touch, all the organs most sensitive to external influence are in the face. The face is close to the nerve centre. The nerves run to the brain and the face is in front of this mighty working power in man. A very large number of nerves pass from the brain to the muscles of the face. Around the eye are ten such nerves; around the cheek and mouth, eleven. If you take both sides of the face you must double the number, hence we see the face reflects through these telegraphic nerves that which is touched on the brain of man.

Every face shows the hieroglyphics of time; time being the pen, and the writing ours. We talk of the wonderful richness of the world of nature, of its marvellous wealth of flowers and fruits, of its colours and forms; of the ever-changing pattern of its clouds, of its flying shadows, so tender and so swift; of its sunny glories and its troubled gloom; and we do well to talk of these things, and to delight in them and love

them. But to me, grand and beautiful as is the world of nature, the world of man is far richer in material and of fuller experience. To watch the faces of a crowd, and to read their probable histories is of great interest. Many life dramas are carried in the face. The smile of affection, the glance of sympathy, the look of love, the arched brow, the expression of surprise, the firm set lips, the look of despair, the mirror of dead hopes, lines of desolation, toil, hardship, dissipation, and suffering; how much they reveal of the life! Have they not carried their message quickly and more clearly than words could have done?

Emerson, in speaking of the wonderful expressiveness of the human body, observes that if it were made of glass or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning. A man finds room in the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of his thoughts and desires. Every face carries its credentials with it. Like a drama, it reveals the actors, the plot and the life of its beholder.

We can build a face! Just as we can build a body, a mind, so we can build a face. If it is worth while to build a fine organ, a great building, more worth while is it to build a face. In every man there is a Raphael who works upon living substances; there is a Wren who constructs living material into a temple for the Spirit; there is a Beethoven who can harmonize a symphony out of thoughts, imaginations, purposes and aspirations, which is seen but not heard.

Every thought is an artist; every purpose cuts like

a chisel; every passion is a workman's thrust; every emotion is a mason's trowel. Every prayer lends altitude to the brow; every good deed gives light to the eye; every square deal gives strength to the jaw. Every bad thought gives weakness to the mouth; every impure desire leaves a mark of meanness in the face. "The shew of their countenance doth witness against them," is the verdict of Scripture. In the crystal caves of Kentucky the water drops from the ceiling. Apparently each drop evaporates. But in reality, each drop leaves a little sediment behind, and when a long time is passed these drops have built the stalagmite. Not otherwise character is formed, and reveals itself through the face. Thinking, speaking, acting, all register themselves.

"No matter what form and feature may be given to the body at its birth, the soul moulds and cuts and chisels until it shapes its outward presentation. Every living cell of which the body is composed is informed by the spirit within. Each cell does its utmost to give adequate expression to the spirit's desire, and thus the wondrous changes are wrought by which the homely grow handsome and the stolid become energized, the clodlike are imbued with new life."

Ruskin says there are four marks of evil that mar and destroy the beauty of the human face—pride, sensuality, cruelty and fear. Well, pride is discord, because it is out of tune with God's perfection. Humility is always a trait of the Godlike. Lust is discord, because it is not in harmony with God's purity. Cleanness of thought and body give clearness of eye, and purity of

skin. Cruelty is discord because it is out of harmony with God's love. "Love beareth all things." Fear is discord because it is out of harmony with God's trust. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." We should always remember that melody is the product of the heart. Music is a thing of the soul, and the foundation of all perfect work is harmony with God. The face, the voice, the hands, in fact the whole body are but the strains that are singing within.

The miners sometimes bring up from the pits pieces of shale, upon which there are the footmarks of beasts or birds that lived in the carboniferous forests of long bygone ages, the very names of which are forgotten, but they have left their mark behind in the soft mud in which they trod. So our deeds imprint themselves upon mind, face and body, to be forgotten perhaps by us, but to be unearthed again sometime, to show how we thought and acted.

We have an illustration of this truth that men may build strong or weak faces, in the life of Rembrandt. He was a great painter. Today one of his portraits would bring one hundred thousand dollars in London. Look at two portraits of this man painted by himself. In the first one he stands forth a glorious, handsome youth. The lamps of love burn in his eyes; his face radiates beauty. The whole man exhales strength, and there is nothing for which he cannot hope. We know that he had genius to create and the imagination to beautify the world.

Now look at Rembrandt's portrait of himself, twenty years later. "The artist determined to deny himself

no pleasure. He therefore sought out every delight and followed his appetites. Hence one by one the torches of his life went out. Having been untrue to himself, he lost faith in others, for the penalty of dishonesty and impurity is the belief that every one else is equally dishonest and impure. In middle age, we see the artist shrunken, an old rag around his throat, weakness in his chin, the mark of the beast upon his brow, the eyes heavy and dull, without vision or beauty. In his youth Rembrandt lived for his ideals, his dreams of love and country, of beauty and God. Then he seemed like some palace on a winter's night, when all the windows are ablaze with light, and laughter and music and perfumed beauty fill the halls, and happiness exhales like a cloud of incense toward God."

"But to what shall I liken Rembrandt's age, save a mansion deserted by these angelic guests? The lights have gone out from these windows that once were full of rich colour; the halls are empty; the spider's web is woven over the key-hole of the closed door; the rose garden is a tangle of thorns, and the building is full of things that creep and crawl. The noble mansion is in ruins, given over to darkness and decay. And the ruined mansion is the house of Man's soul. Darkness is in that ruined palace."

All this teaches us that a man must be a masterpiece within, before he can be a masterpiece without. The faces of Paul, John, Peter and Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, all have the forces within that give strength and expression to the noble faces on canvas.

Charles Kingsley says: "There are four faces among portraits of modern men which strike us as supremely beautiful, not only in expression, but in form and proportion and harmony of feature. Shakespeare, Raphael, Goethe and Burns. One would expect it so; for the mind makes the body, and not the body the mind. Shakespeare combines all the charms of the other three. Raphael's is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. In Goethe there is self-consciousness, power, purpose and self-restraint, and all but scorn upon those glorious lineaments. But Burns, the magic of that countenance making him at once tempter and tempted, may explain many a sad story. The lips ripe, full of passion, and the faculty of enjoyment, and the features rendered rich and tender, the eyes laughing out upon you with benevolent good humour and sweetness with simple, eager, gentle surprise, a gleam as of a morning star looking forth on a new-born world."

All these teach us that the heart that turns from God will wither, and as a man is in his heart, so is he in his face. "A wicked man hardeneth his face," says Solomon. "Where there is a high look, there is a proud heart." Jesus, the son of Sirach declares: "The heart of a man changeth his countenance, whether it be good or evil."

In Gessner's "Life of Lavater," it is related that a stranger was once introduced to the great physiognomist —whose first thought on seeing him was: "This man is a murderer." Suppressing the thought as hasty and uncharitable, Lavater conversed with the man, and struck by the cultivated understanding, extensive in-

formation, and easy manner which he discovered in his visitor, was led to disregard the unfavourable impression made upon him. The next day he dined with the stranger by invitation; but soon afterwards tidings came that his accomplished gentleman was one of the assassins of the late king of Sweden, and he fled the country in great haste.

In 1876, when Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Chicago, he called the chief usher in charge of the seating of the people, and pointing to one of his assistants, asked: "Who is that man? To be real frank with you, I do not like his looks—his face repels me!" The name of the usher was Charles J. Guiteau, who afterwards became the assassin of President James A. Garfield.

No doubt the rules of physiognomy, like those of every other science, have their exceptions. Bret Harte in his description of the people in Roaring Camp says: "The assemblage numbered about one hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminals, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air, and the intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet. The coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and embarrassed, timid manner."

Some assert with the witty Moore that:

"In vain we fondly seek to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;

In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagyrite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull."

Thus, of the ferocious ruffian, Claverhouse, Sir Walter Scott tells us that he had "a beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance"; and Lord Byron says that the cruel Ali-Pacha was "the mildest looking gentleman" he ever saw. The gentle, childish-looking Couthon was one of the most blood-thirsty cut-throats of the French Revolution, and the Greek Phocion, who was wise, witty, fine-tempered and humane, was a man of ill-natured countenance and forbidding expression, so much so that he repelled strangers. The heavy brow, coarse, blunt, stone-mason face, and protruding cheek bones of Michael Angelo utterly belied his genius.

And Mr. Morely, in describing Gladstone's appearance, says: "His eye was extremely bright, though in the rest of the face there was no beauty or even refinement."

And when President Wilson was running for governor in the state of New Jersey, he was accused of being anything but handsome in face. His retort was:

"As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
The people in front of me get the jar."

But all these are exceptions to the rule, and do not disprove the general proposition, that as Spencer says: "Of the soul the body form doth take."

Besides the thoughts, we would name three other builders of the face. They are diet, sleep and suggestion. It is simply a matter of gift as to whether we are tall or short, dark or light. But it is not altogether outside of our own power to determine whether we are strong and healthful, and how our faces build in mature life.

Diet is a great factor for health and strength of body. The average American needs to study the food question more than he does. He is on the whole giving his stomach too much food, and not the right kind. The Bible gives the Jews some very good rules for eating, and they have profited by observing them. We must learn not to eat so much meat, so much sweet, and not take so much stimulant in coffee. Simple foods, well cooked, are conducive to the longevity of life, and to a body strong and efficient for the mind and the spirit to live in. Some one has said that "food is the brick and mortar of our holy temple." And experience has shown that by food not only is the body but the moral nature of man distinctly affected. Feed a dog on bread and milk and he is mild and tractable. Keep him chained and feed him on raw meat, and he will be wild and savage. It is a long way back to Daniel and his three companions, but they stand still as an illustration of what diet can do for the faces of men.

And then, there is "the beauty sleep." We have a lowered resistance power, because of the shortening of

the period that should be given to sleep. This prevents the processes of tissue repair, and lays the body open to many ills. Dr. Richard Cabot said: "I believe that more minor illnesses are due to a lack of sleep than any other recognizable factor." To soak into one's system all the sleep it can take, requires the courage to refuse invitations, to stay away from the study, the office, but it pays. Dr. Cabot says: "A person catches cold, gets lumbago, is constipated, or headache ridden, because his vitality is below par, his physical expenditure beyond his physical income. Sleep would set him square with the world; but to get sleep means sacrificing the evening's fun. This he won't do, and so he runs in debt, and is chronically edging toward a breakdown."

Dr. Roycroft says: "Nature started us off wisely enough, with a long night and no artificial lights to tempt us. She put us outdoors, where we had to hustle to keep warm; and made sure that we would not overeat, by making food difficult enough to get. And we have too often entirely reversed her program. We have built ourselves comfortable, overwarm houses; piled them too full of food; with our light and music and entertainment turned night into day. Is it any wonder we live shorter lives than we ought to live?"

Sleep hits an irritable temper hard, and drives the clouded face into the sunshine. It is a beauty builder and makes for a sunny disposition.

Suggestion is another great builder of the face. Look yourself over carefully and get the suggestion of what you are. Have you a face that is cold, sullen, despondent, deceitful, hopeless, bashful, shy, sinful and sensual?

Or have you a face strong, kind, thoughtful, sympathetic, trustful, clean, true and moral? Now give yourself the suggestion that your face shall carry the best and truest in life, and that above all the face grows from within out; that each thought and feeling do their work. Get the idea that there is no beautifier of complexion or form or behaviour like the wish to scatter joy and not pain. Carry a cordial in your face, through your heart, and see what wonders it will do for you after awhile.

Look out for the power and use of suggestion upon children. They are not born alike. The baby with round features and white complexion has the advantage over the one with long features and dark complexion. Be careful what you say to children. If one should happen to be plain, and is aware of the fact, hold over him the suggestion that age will bring him a strong, noble face, and that it is for him to decide what he shall have at mature life. It is often true "that homely babies make handsome men." But never call attention to any deficiencies in your children.

They were walking to church, sister, brother and mother. The girl was all one fluff of lace, ribbons, golden curls, blue silk stockings and feathers. But the boy made a sorry figure in a snuff-coloured plaid which went badly with his carroty hair and freckles, as did the scarlet necktie which adorned it.

Well has the boy, now a man, described the scene, as he goes on to relate how his mother met the pastor, and said, half-apologetically: "I don't like that combine on Dicky myself; but I got 'em at a bargain sale of

children's things and—and, you see, it doesn't pay to dress Dicky that way—he's so awfully plain. But I tell you Molly shows it when I get her up!"

"And the ugly duckling heard and quivered as though a rawhide had swished across his sensitive soul. The mother had summed up all in a parent's ignorance."

Do you want to note what children think of beauty! Let the next teacherless Sunday school class—either sex—choose between two women, one lovely to look at and the other lovely to know, and see the result. Not only is the child more sensitive to beauty in others, he is more sensitive to ridicule, more sensitive to the feeling of his own ugliness.

A negro lass of twelve in the South confided to her young master as follows: "I tell you, young Mars', when I looks in de glass an' sees mase'f lookin' so ugly as de debble—I dun jus' ask God to lemme die." When my sister, in a spirit of fun, told the poor imp that by standing on her head and swallowing a pound of gristle she'd turn white, she did it. Only after long labour could the doctor bring her back to consciousness. That's the way even healthy-minded children take the truth the glass flings pitilessly back into their crude faces.

A great many years ago a boy, a red-headed, freckled, snub-nosed, "skinny" boy, carried his nickel into a village store intent on the purchase of a pencil. Unfortunately the particular kind he wished was worth six cents. The obliging shopman gave it to him for five. He was a good man, that shopkeeper, beloved in his own town, revered throughout his denomination; but the next day, when the boy returned with the extra penny, he

dropped a calloused hand on the lad's head, and exhorted, "Remember, my son, it is far better to be honest than to be good-looking." It was years before that insulted heart forgave or—no, even yet it has not forgot! Only the other day a clergyman, a cultured, delightful man, pushed his daughter towards me with the apology, "She's a much nicer child than she looks," and the blood scorched the sensitive skin of the awkward, freckled, plain-featured girl.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter! The ugly duckling is the one child of the flock worth fussing over, worth planning and fighting for, that he may be an ugly duckling no more.

Again, the face tells us after awhile what is really going on within. It is the window of character. It is true that there is an education abroad today which teaches men to conceal their feelings. This education is trying to make masks of human faces. Men grow beards to cover weak chins and surly mouths. Women paint thin lips to make them seem fuller and repress thick sensual lips by drawing them inward. A high or a low forehead can be altered by a clever hair dresser. A little touching up of the eyes, makes them seem different. It is an age of attempted camouflage of the face. But men cannot long act a part. Nature is against insincerity. You cannot forge her handwriting. You cannot make your artificial rock that it shall remain unknown beside hers.

And so it is with voice and face. Hypocrisy drops its mask, and what is within comes out. Dickens exhibits Monks as beginning his career as an innocent and beauti-

ful child; but as ending his life as a mass of solid bestiality, a mere chunk of fleshed iniquity. It was thinking upon vice and vulgarity that transformed the angel face of the boy to the demon face of the man, and it could not be concealed.

Hawthorne has made a similar study of Chillingworth, whose moral deterioration began through evil thinking when face and physique were fully matured. Chillingworth stood forth in middle life a thoughtful, earnest and just man; but during his absence, he suffered a grievous wrong. Not knowing the identity of his enemy, the physician came to suspect his friend. When suspicion had strengthened into certainty, enmity became hatred. Then, for two years, Chillingworth tortured his victim every way possible. Soon the face of the physician, once so gentle and just, took on an aspect sinister and malign. Children feared him, men shivered in his presence. Once it was declared that his eyes shot out blue fire. What is this, but saying that he who thinks of mean and ugly things will soon show mud in the bottom of his eye. Ugliness within soon fouls the facial tissues.

Take a youth of extreme beauty, let him, little by little, be led into wicked practices; in proportion as he is so led, will the register of his descent be written upon his face, and upon his whole attitude and manner. Quite imperceptibly, I admit, but with awful exactness and depth. The eye, once so clear and so steady in its look, will be marked by suspicion, uncertainty, or timidity of movement. And strange lines will be woven around the mouth; and the lips, so well

cut, so guileless and generous, will be tortured into ugliness and sensual enlargement; and the voice, once so sweet, so ringing, the very music of a character unstained and fearless, will contract some mocking tones, and give itself up to a rude laughter, partially deceitful and partly defiant. All this will not happen in one day. Herein is the subtlety of evil. If you do not see the youth for years you may be shocked when you miss the fine simplicity and noble bearing which you associated with his name.

And the girl who cultivates a sullen, petulant temper, who allows herself to become tart and bitter and hasty in her retorts, cannot avoid the face that tells about her disposition. Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says: "You have such a February face, so full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness." The girl's habitual conduct will leave its impress on lip and brow and cheek. Not all at once, but in due course of time, her temperament will be seen written on her countenance. Her face will be branded with the revelation of her ill temper. The lesson is clear: if you do not want to carry about you a branded face, do not violate God's law. Meanness, dishonesty, treachery and vice are a show of your countenance against you.

"A private secretary accompanies us through the journey of life. A complete diary is kept, and the index is inscribed on the face. Sin cannot long escape detection; internal decay emblazons itself on the brow and face." The secret of strong face building is found in our communion with the best and highest. The Bible

teaches that "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall come forth with a face illumined." "He who thinks on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," is changed by them. So just as truly as food is transmuted into bone, flesh and nerve, thoughts and feelings are transmuted into character, and character declares itself in actions and words, in voice and face. Socrates prayed: "Ye Gods, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man; and that whatever outward things I have may be in harmony with those within." Wise prayer, for within lies the robing room. It is for us to remember that he who dwells with God becomes partaker of His Spirit, and that Spirit cannot be hid. It will, it must shine out through the face. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shines, also, in the face of His disciples. To tarry with God and wait upon Him is to open the soul to transfiguration, and to bring to the world the impartation of that which we have received. The filmy thread in the electric lamp shines because of that which is behind it. So the child of light and truth reflects the glory of God, for his face is the channel of such light.

This is the teaching of that remarkable book given to the world a few years ago by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, called "A Singular Life." Emanuel Bayard was rejected as pastor of a certain city church because of his lack of orthodoxy. But he became pastor

of the "refuse" of the city. They loved him because of his goodness and interest in them. He fought their battles with them; he championed their rights; he was the stern, relentless enemy of the liquor traffic. His mission was crowded; great was his influence and growing his hold on the people. But his enemies finally killed him, and great was the grief of all the city. On the day of his burial, all business was suspended, and a stranger seeking business, asked an Italian: "Why are all the stores closed?" His answer was: "The man with the angel face is dead."

Yes, he who thinks on good things; who gives himself to noble works, will have the light of joy and graciousness shining in his face.

In our day ugliness has become abhorrent. Men want beautiful houses, beautiful tools, beautiful books, and the city itself must be beautiful. The adornment of the person has become a passion. Quick to recognize this fact, the papers are filled with advertisements of facial artists. The discovery of a new cosmetic makes a fortune. The man who, with an electric device exterminates wrinkles or postpones them, makes a second fortune. Women are told to eat pounded bones, to drink charcoal water, or feed on carrots if they would have fair complexions. But the secret of facial charm is far deeper. At the bottom of the whole matter, the fact is, the beauty that lasts, begins within, and with the good that is permanent.

One time, Mr. Moody was anxious to get the face of a very dear friend of his for the newspapers. When the man appeared before the photographer, he ex-

claimed: "Gee! but I could take that man's face in the dark!" It was almost true, for it was the face of Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, who had a face among a million, and he had got it through communion with God.

And where shall we find our facial standard? There must be a standard. The compass is keyed to the pole, the mathematician follows his axiom, the artist seeks to carry his picture up to ideal beauty, but toward what pattern of loveliness doth the soul struggle forward? In some old castle is the portrait gallery of all the lords of the barony. There is the face of the soldier who founded the family, perhaps a thousand years ago, and he sets his stamp upon all his descendants. You can trace the hawk-like nose, the high cheek bones, down from portrait to portrait. But suddenly you come upon a face that is on absolutely different lines; having the dark eyes, the softer and more delicate features of Southern climes, and then you know that some new element has been introduced. And not otherwise as we study the portraits of the typical men of the centuries can we trace the likeness between one and another. We see how selfishness and ambition and pride, in one generation repeat themselves in after times. But suddenly in the portrait gallery of earth's great men there appears a face that is new and unique and unlike any other. Despite its strange, wistful beauty, sometimes that face is more marred than any man's. Despite the fact that this one knew He was soon to come to His cross, now "His face shines like the sun." The glory of this face is in qualities summarized in the Word.

Little wonder that whenever this One appears, in whatsoever picture, either in the "Transfiguration," or a "Christ in the Praetorium," that His face is the centre upon which all eyes are fastened. And it is toward the likeness of the Master that the disciples are moving. "Slowly they approximate the standard."

Shakespeare tells us how Prince Hal became changed in his nature to another man. How he had kept company for so long with Corporal Nym and Ancient Pistol and Mine Host Bradolph, he of the glowing nose, and that prince of roisters, honest Jack Falstaff. By and by Prince Hal was called to the bedside of his dying father, and as he sat there holding the hand of King Henry IV., Prince Hal became thoughtful in the face of a new duty and power that were soon to be his. These moments in the presence of mortality sobered him. And when at last the crown dropped from the pulseless brow he took it up and placed it upon his head, and became from that moment every inch a king, one of the noblest kings among England's sovereigns. Now what would he do with his old boon companions? His face had changed, but had the faces of his companions changed? No. For, alas! there was not the same incentive, not the same experience. He provided well for Falstaff, but he could do nothing more for him. Falstaff could not understand that, and so he got his comrades together along the street down which the King was to pass with his cavalcade, and told them to stand by while he would hail the King as of yore. As King Henry V. rides by, Falstaff calls out: "My royal Hal! My King! My

Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!" But the King was changed, and speaks the inevitable denial:

> "I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I long have dreamed of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
> But, being awake, I do despise my dream."

Think upon these two faces; the one so changed by a new, high motive, the other still bearing the impress of the old weaknesses. What a contrast is given us!

And how marvellous the inspiration of strong, noble faces! It is said of Oliver Cromwell on the eve of a great battle, especially when the odds of victory were against him, that his soldiers would eagerly scan his face before the note of the bugle sounded out its summons to charge. "See!" they exclaimed, as he passed slowly along the line—"See! he has his battle face today." The battle face of Cromwell interpreted victory to his followers.

What a wonderful parable we have in Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face!" In that little book he gives us the story how there is limned in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, a great stone face. There is a legend among the Indians that the time would come when there would be born into the valley a boy whose features in time would be like those of the face on the mountain side. The villagers lived under the thought of that promise, and Hawthorne tells how the little boy

Ernest was told the story and ever looked up at the face and longed for the coming of one who would make life so full and happy. And, there came back three men, Mr. "Gather-Gold," who had made a fortune; Mr. "Blood-and-Thunder," who had been a great general; and "Old Stony-Phiz," a great statesman, all of whom it was said, looked like the Great Face. But it was found to be untrue.

Meanwhile the spirit of kindliness grew within Ernest's own great soul, and from him there went forth cheering words and kindly deeds, and when at last he was old and scant hair fell about his face and all the lines of his features had grown soft and tender, men saw that the expectation of the legend had been fulfilled in the likeness of Ernest's face to that of the lines of the image in the mountain.

The man who goes through the world, with a noble face, lighted up by the fires of holy living within, is scattering sunshine and help, that can never be estimated.

"Are you God's wife?" said an amazed street urchin who had felt the kindly smile and reward of a noble woman's benefaction. We speak for Him: we sing for Him: we live for Him, and we can smile for Him.

To my readers, let me say that today your faces have great possibilities within them. Tomorrow, however, they will be actualities. They will be faces that have been wedded by a thousand thoughts, and the loves and hates of every heartbeat. May age bring to you faces that shall draw the love of hearts, faces with purities and victories dramatized within them. And before the

years have brought in all their gifts to you, God grant you that beauty that comes from the immortal soul before it wings its flight hence. The sweetest face you ever will see will be the "glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." And when you awake may it be in the likeness of Christ!

II

THE MAN OF REALITY

ONE day a man bent over a coxcomb and he saw in the heart of the flower a bumble bee. He was not bumbling that afternoon. He was still as death, for he was dead drunk. He had quaffed its nectared sweets until he was a victim of an ambrosial booze.

Our age has become INTOXICATED WITH MATERIALISM, and we do not know it. It is time that we prayed the song that is sometimes sung:

> "If drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
> Such boasting as the Gentiles use
> Or lesser breeds without the law;
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

For many years our country has been a place where men have taken fortunes from our many resources. We are called a nation of pork-packers, lumber-kings, mining-millionaires and stock-manipulators. We have become a vast, articulated machine. The lives of men, the institutions of society, the church, the family and all, are woven into a great materialism—hard, cold, adoring the impersonal thing we call progress, advanc-

ing—forgetting the inner and spiritual values of life, esteeming dividends of more value than the souls of men. Humanity is secondary! HAPPINESS IS A BY-PRODUCT!

What is the result? Crime is increasing; self-indulgence is seen everywhere; extravagance among the rich; vulgarity on the stage and in the drawing rooms, and multitudes of men and women living on the borderland of want, while thousands are muttering curses and planning the overthrow of our institutions. We are at the threshold of a great change. What can save us? Nothing but reality. THE MAN OF REALITY is the call of the hour.

What makes the reality of man? It is not his body, which is a complex physical organization. The body is only the instrument; the temple; the house he lives in. It is not the soul, which is the rational part of man, and which involves the purely intellectual processes of life. It is the spirit that makes the reality of man; that which is the unchanging divine part of man's being. Body is the seat of the sense-consciousness; soul is the seat of self-consciousness, while spirit is the seat of God-consciousness.

What do we know about the body? We know that the matter which composes it comes and goes like a stream, or that it is like a gas flame! "There is nothing individual or identical about a stream or a gas flame, except its mere form and the likeness of the matter composing it." It is a fact of science that our bodies are being born and that they are dying every minute. The body is not reality, then.

What do we know about the soul? We have discovered that our thoughts, feelings, impulses, flow through us like a stream of water. This is the reason that some refer to our mental life as "the stream of consciousness." And this stream of consciousness has no real self, no true identity, any more than the body. If the ordinary stream of consciousness was to be identified with the self then we should have many selves. Why? Because, now we are strong, now we are weak; now we are brave, now we are cowardly. Which is the real self? We have many selves in our stream of consciousness.

Our minds are born anew every day, and are dying every day, giving place to new minds, as the stream flows on.

But there is something permanent about us. THERE IS A REAL SELF behind all these selves, so that one can say: I am—I can be—a self that remembers—a self that is to be forever—and that self is spirit, something that is never sick, never dies, and is reality.

"As fresh as the hurtling waves
That dash on a far-off shore,
Revealing power more furious
With every obstacle before;
Bright with the glint of Heaven,
Quick with tremendous life,
Charged with the power of ages
Pure-steeled in eternal strife;—
The Soul in Life's deep-sea sounding,
Surcharged by every delay,

Goes terribly onward, transforming
Man's meanly imperiling way;
Downward, deep downward descending
Through cavernous, thickest night,
Weathering the myriad whirlpools
Ensnaring strength at its height;
Catching a bit of all life drift,
Upbearing its way to the light,
Straining with the strength of all living,
Emerging supreme in its might."

For the past century men's energies have been given to observation, investigation, verification and formulation of physical facts. Much has been done along these lines. Everything has been fairly well classified, labelled and put away for use. Now we must spiritualize our work.

Today there is a call for reality. To bring back the idea that character is better than cash, that one had better have principle than fame, and the thought that there are no scales big enough to weigh thought or the ethics of life. When the man of reality comes, he will take us out of the province of the rule and yardstick. He will lead us away from eye-gate, ear-gate, feel-gate, to the inner thought, sight, feeling and hearing.

The man of reality will be a man possessed by a spirit. Man has a body, but he is a spirit; a spirit in prison. Call him animal, but he is a spiritual animal. In his inmost nature he is allied to the spiritual kingdom. For that kingdom he was made, to that he properly belongs, and in that kingdom he ought to live. When man takes the animal plane, lives the animal

life, he falls below his better self. The beast in man is triumphant when the flesh and the works of the flesh have ousted the forces of the spirit. The beast is conquered when the powers of the spirit master the works of the flesh. The spirit in man should never surrender as commander-in-chief of the whole body.

MAN IS BUILT UP TIER UPON TIER. At the bottom is the flesh, the earth principle which he receives from the dust of the ground and which was originally good, but has been degraded. It is the part from which the strongest temptations spring.

Above this is the life principle which man has in common with the animals, and by which he is united to the lower creation. Both animals and men have "psyche" (life).

But at the top man is "pneuma" (spirit) which he has in common with higher beings and which connects him with God. This distinguishes man above the animal. According as man lives in one part of his nature more than another he is designated carnal, natural and spiritual.

As the hull of the ship is in the water, and if only a hull, is tossed up and down, moved hither and thither by currents and tides, so man's body is in the currents of nature, and is tossed by them. But a ship has masts and sails, or steam power within, another element, and these propel the ship whithersoever the pilot desires, and the currents are mastered. So man has a spiritual power within that was given to him to enable him to control the lower or carnal nature. "I bring my body under," is the clear statement of Paul.

Now the natural man (the psychical), while destitute of the Holy Spirit, is not destitute of a spirit. He is simply spiritually undeveloped. He has not come to spiritual consciousness. His spiritual nature is asleep, and his intellectual and animal natures only are awake. The higher life engermed within him lies dormant, being unvivified by the Spirit. And just as the seed has the capacity but must be touched by the sun after being put into the earth, so man must be touched by the Spirit to reach his highest life.

Again, the man of reality will gain the mastery over material. He will not deny the material. Matter to him is the expression, the organ of the spirit. All material things are shot through with the glory of God. THEY ARE HIS GARMENT OF PRAISE; they embody His purpose. God has nothing but His own substance out of which to make worlds and all that they contain. Matter, therefore, is not only divine, but it is a crowning expression of the divine love and self-sacrifice. It is God giving away Himself for man to use, to enjoy, to govern. The trouble with some of the new philosophy is that it makes matter merely the expression of the mortal, carnal consciousness, the counterfeit of divine reality.

We differ in that we recognize that material things are not realities, in that they are not always to exist. But we do recognize that they are objects of experience that have to be reckoned with, and to which we have to adjust ourselves in order to live. Accordingly I will take food; will care for my body, and adjust myself to climatic conditions.

I also recognize that God does not want me to live in materialism any more than He wants Israel to live in Egypt. He is calling me out from the carnal to the spiritual. In the carnal man the flesh is pampered; in the spiritual man, the flesh is crucified. The moment a man opens his spiritual life towards God he is spiritual in making. Remnants of carnality may be found adhering to him, as parts of the shell are sometimes found adhering to the newly hatched bird; but these being alien to his nature, are soon shed off, and he is free to rise heavenward, Godward.

And the man of reality will differentiate between show and substance. A fish leaps for a fly, thinking it is substance, but it proves to be only a show, the fisherman's hook. A savage will sell his daughter for a string of beads or a beautiful, gaudy blanket, mistaking show for substance. But intelligent people fooled by flash and glitter, find after a while it was only shadow, show, not substance. Many people mistake riches for wealth. Wealth is the old-fashioned word for health. Those who live for show have little life upon the surface of things. Their life is largely spectacular, an outward seeming. They live in the senses; they are more concerned about the outward appearance than the inward self. They hold the same relation to solid, substantial life that the wild-catter and the faker hold to business life. Nothing much sadder than to see the final outcome of those who lived for the passing show. WHILE THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE LIVING, THEY WERE REALLY DYING.

Substance is well being. It is character, it is spirit,

it is love, faith, hope and life. "It is the man owning the fortune instead of the fortune owning the man. It is being master, and not a slave of self."

The man of reality is the man who spiritualizes all life. "In his thought there is no distinction between things sacred and secular. To him ploughing is as spiritual as praying; making a coat as singing hymns." His standard of measurement is spiritual, not material. He says with the poet:

"Every mason in the quarry,
Every builder on the shore,
Every woodman in the forest,
Every boatman at the oar;
Hewing wood and drawing water,
Splitting stones and clearing sod;
All the dusty ranks of labour
In the regiment of God—
March together toward His temple;
Do the tasks His hands prepare.
Honest toil is holy service!
Faithful work is praise and prayer!"

The trend of the hour should be toward the spiritualizing process. It has been so in nature. Wind and water have been displaced by steam. Steam is being displaced by electricity. The coarser kinds of power are going; the finer is coming in today.

To hold wealth for selfish purposes, is to do so with a shrunken soul. Have you thought something? Circulate it. Have you earned something? Lift it up out of the material. To hold these things, is to have a loaded lumber wagon and a waning spirituality.

We are to LOOK AT THE TEMPORAL BUT NOT TO PAUSE THERE. An office is not a place for making money, it is a place for making character. So in everything else. The problem is to touch things visible and tangible without clinging to them; to handle them without growing fast to them.

There is a lower self which transacts business. It weighs, appraises, considers all things with a view to its own advantage. It is the self of acquisition; it is the self which demands the comforts of life. It is the self which misses the glory of life.

It is also true that the man of reality is the man who is fitted to do spiritual work. GOD CANNOT ANSWER SOME MEN'S PRAYERS. For Him to do so, would be to put a PREMIUM UPON SIN. The hidden wedge of gold, and the Babylonish garment must be disclosed and restored if men and women hope for power to work realities.

Note the fact that Elijah's staff did not work well with Gehazi behind it. When he came to the dead child he "laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice nor hearing." Why? Because the wrong man was behind the staff. Gehazi had an evil heart, and although the staff was all right, the man behind it was not, hence its failure. When Elijah used it, there was power behind it because he was a man of reality.

The man of reality, then, has the right kind of a heart to do things. He has the ability to do them. The efficiency of anything depends upon the value of the man behind it. Put a spirit-filled man behind

an insignificant instrument and he is a power for God.

When Moody was coming to the front as an evangelist, the Philadelphia preachers discussed the question about his coming to their city and holding a series of meetings. Some discussion arose over it. One preacher asked the rest: "Has Dwight L. Moody a monopoly of the Holy Ghost?" Another replied: "No! But the Holy Spirit has a monopoly of Dwight L. Moody, therefore we want him."

The greatest things of earth are waiting not for more money, more intelligence, greater programs or larger plans, but for more reality, more faith, more hope, more love, more spirit. When God can get His Moses, His Paul, His Wesley, His Drummond, things can be done that are worth while.

Thinking upon realities gives strength of character. The spirit in man is inevitably called to some victory beyond the sphere that we call physical or psychical. It feels within itself cravings and intuitions which these other environments cannot satisfy. It is conscious of a capacity greater than the mental or the physical.

David Swing's life was full of interesting events. One of the most interesting is that of his boyhood days, when he was sixteen years of age. One summer day he was driving the oxen, and came to a crystal spring of water under a clump of trees. The boy and his oxen both stopped to drink. As the boy did so, he caught a reflection of the oxen's eyes in the water and a reflection of himself. The beauty of the reflection thrilled him and filled him with dreams

and aspirations, so that he forgot his errand. At sundown friends found him still there dreaming, and scolded him. He did not heed them, for other voices were calling. He had seen a vision, a reality, and its beauty and power had awakened him, and he went forth to be a man of power.

In the light of reality, the beauty of Absalom is an eye-sore; the knowledge of Bacon alphabetical; the imagination of Shakespeare a spark of nature's fire; the sculptures of Angelo, rude sketches; the music of Handel of ordinary character; and the sceptre of a king a reed; and the greatness of human efforts little and insignificant. When one moves up into the spiritual realities, he is awaking to the glory of all splendour, all power, all dignity and all achievement.

The man of reality finds his thinking upon "these things" gives him health and power. With the natural eye man sees disease and weakness. Fear sees them develop and run their course, ending in death and disaster. The image of the things we think upon, create the results of life. A thing in the mind is created in the life. Remember what Job said: "The thing which I feared greatly is come upon me."

But the eye of reality sees Him who said: "Fear not, for I am with thee." It also sees the Christ coming over the wave of difficulty bringing succour and deliverance. It sees the infused life driving out the pain and the weakness of our life. It sees that in spirit thinking these things must go, and we can thus gain the victory.

"So long as we recognize physical conditions as

having power over us, just so long will they bind us. We hold them in the body by looking at them and dwelling upon them. But looking at realities, gives health and power."

To find reality we must follow the Christ life and truth. The city of Venice is built on a large number of islands, and these are divided by one hundred and fifty canals on which great numbers of gondolas or water vehicles move along. Beside the canals, there are also many streets on the solid ground through which one can walk. They are very narrow and winding. Crooked and crowded as they are, one may easily lose his way. But to help those who want to find the way a line in white marble has been laid in the street. Following that the traveller will come in safety to the bridge Onte di Rialto. Once there, the traveller is at home again. Tourists in Venice say to one another: "FOLLOW THE WHITE LINE!"

In the crooked, crowded life of this world, a white line has been laid, in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. If it is followed it cannot but help lead to reality. Paul followed Him, and he has a place forever in history. Luther followed Him, and he was swung out with a new power that made him the leader of a new civilization. Livingstone followed Him, and he opened up a new continent to life and development, and is crowned with honour at Westminster Abbey. To follow the gleam, is to find the light; to receive the truth is to have the quickening of power.

And if we want reality, we will have to pay the price for it. The most precious things are ever the

most difficult to procure. The diamond lies buried in the soil, the pearl in the water, the metal in the rock, the intelligence in the study, the concentration in the attention, the success in the self-sacrifice and renunciation.

NO UNSPIRITUAL LIFE CAN ENTER THE REALM OF REALITIES. The key that unlocks these mysteries is in the spiritual combination. Cleverness, intellectual ability, wealth, standing, fame and beauty are powerless to give you the "seeing" that transfigures earthly things, and gives the substance of life.

It is said that the air of a cave in Kentucky has a peculiar power of stimulating the senses. After the visitor has been in its strange and silent labyrinth for an hour or two, and comes back into the open air, he brings with him the scent of flowers, trees and grasses that are delightful. Reality will come to you if you get away from the glaring lights and blandishments and theatricalities of this material world; if you will spiritualize the buying and the selling; if you banish the coarse surfeiting and stupefying luxury and wantonness of society so-called, and in the quiet of God's presence suffer yourself to be absorbed by His Word, to be saved by His Son, and quickened and led by His Spirit. It is a great price! But it is a great reward: the reward of reality.

Oh, you who tread the ways of earth,
You are immaculate of birth;
From height to depth, from star to sod,
There is no separate thing from God.

God does not manifest through man
The scope and purpose of his plan.
Absorb the grandeur of the thought,
For thus may miracles be wrought;
Truth is the lock, and love the key;
All things are yours to do and be;
Go claim the vast stupendous whole,
Go, on to the heights, immortal soul.—*Anon.*

III

LIFE AS A MASTERPIECE

WE all enjoy looking at masterpieces. To look at Raphael's "Transfiguration"; to see Angelo's "Moses"; to hear Handel's "Messiah"; to read Hugo's "Les Miserables"; to feel the Spirit's life within, is to awaken the best within us. All these tone up and stir the grandeur of life and push us on to be masterpieces ourselves. There is no doubt that Life is the greatest of all masterpieces. Men are more than things. The greatest figure in English history is that of Oliver Cromwell. Mighty in will, strong of spirit, pure in heart, courageous for his countrymen, he made himself England's masterpiece.

If the youth of our land were asked to write an essay on the greatest man of the nineteenth century, they would be unanimous in giving Abraham Lincoln that place. We admire him not for his famous classic speech at Gettysburg; not for his honesty alone; not for his great unselfish love, but for the poise and masterpiece heart and life that make him the idol of the American heart today. He is our "masterpiece."

"The greatest power in the world is personal, and personal power culminates when wisdom and knowledge are married to goodness and love." The Biography of a good man summons him to the supreme achievements

of life. We get a greater civilization through a great inner civilization begotten by the stirring men and women of other days. The militant call comes to us, as we see and hear the militant heroes of the past. To live with masterpieces is to become a masterpiece ourselves. The ideal can become real. But how? Let us see.

First, every one has in him the masterpiece materials and tools. Look at the world materials about us. Everything that we need is to be found. As a result, the world solicits man's greatest power and achievement. Mines, waterfalls, valleys, forests, quarries, air, sunshine, light, heat and unseen forces challenge us. Tools equal to the emergency are made and await our control and orders. But more than matching all these are the tools of mind, memory, reason and will. "Xenophon tells of a Grecian youth who was so eager to win the chariot race that he added steed to steed until there were eight fiery chargers pulling the chariot toward the goal. God is so anxious for His child to win the race of life that He has given him more than forty chargers, that they might be the faculties that would win the race of life."

It is a great thing to take the iron of the hills and build it into engines, bridges and machinery. It is a great thing to take the forests and hew them down, and cut them up and erect great buildings. It is a great thing to take the quarry and blast out its blocks and erect the stately temple. It is a greater thing to take the canvas and bring out with the tools of the mind, the wonderful "Angelus," the awe in-

spiring, solemnizing "Christ Before Pilate." It is a greater thing to take words, and construct out of them a book like that of Paul's "Epistle to the Romans." But it is the greatest thing to take an imperishable spirit, and with faith and love, like tools, bring out a life beautiful, glowing with the presence and power of God. Emerson has only partly told us the truth when he says: "Man, thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the nights and the mornings, the summers and the winters, carrying in thy brain the geometry of the city of God, in thy heart all the bowers of love and all the realms of right and wrong, thou art great."

Yes! Man carries in him the infinity of all things. Would he sing? Back of his melody, is the infinite melody trying to express itself in him, for we read: "All the sons of God shouted for joy." Back of the physician is the All life of God, trying to help him to give greater life to his patients. Back of the preacher and teacher is the All Wisdom, All Truth, trying to help them instruct mankind. Back of the mechanic is the All Power of creative genius trying to express through him the ability to make all things necessary for the happiness of the world. Back of the clerk and the servant, is the All Serving Father, trying to make effective a life of utility and service that makes for the continued health and life of all. It is true, then, that back of mankind, are the roots of all greatness and efficiency. Spirit and mind expressed through a fine body, furnish the requisite materials and tools for man's success in life, as a masterpiece.

In the next place, for a man to make life a master-

piece, he must have a masterpiece guide. He has such in the Bible. It is the world's masterpiece, because it has inspired all other masterpieces of art, literature, history, philosophy and living. When Raphael would make himself forever famous in his masterpiece, he must tarry on "The Mount of Transfiguration," until he should catch the glory of that scene. When Angelo would leave fame behind him, he must sculpture the great "Moses" as he saw him the lawgiver and mouthpiece of God. Handel lives because he glorified "The Messiah," as seen in the prophets, among his disciples, and the glory of the angelic host. Bunyan immortalized himself by the story of the "Christian" in "Pilgrim's Progress." Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Tennyson and Browning, all tuned their writings to the glory and inspiration of the truth of the Word of God, and they live as masters of thought. Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gounod and Haydn all lived in the glories and raptures of the music of God's grandeur revealed in history, and they lift the soul up into the region of high and lofty endeavour. He who will follow the guide, will be led into paths of greatness and vision, that make men mighty and glorious for furthering the interests of God's kingdom in the earth.

As I look over the history of the world, I discover that this blessed Old Book has given the paths that have led to the grandest manhood and womanhood; to the broadest philanthropy; to the highest statesmanship; to the best institutions of righteousness; to the safest scholarship and to the finest living. I am therefore sure that the greatest places in man's life will come as

he hews out his steps from the Rock of Ages, as seen in the Bible.

Again, no man can make life a masterpiece, unless he has a masterpiece teacher. Jesus Christ, alone has such essentials. He is The Teacher; all other teachers are poor submasters; there is no second to Him. "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom" and might. Through Him comes the uplift and insight that makes men great. No man can claim the honours of jurisprudence, medicine, philosophy, literature and art, who has not sat at His feet, and caught His view of life and service. "One thing thou lackest" is always true of every man, no matter how fine and strong he is in thought and practice, if he has not been with Jesus "and learned of HIM." And this lacking of one thing, makes a man mediocre at the judgment bar of history and of God. In this day of New Thought and mental stimulus, we must not get away from HIM, Who is the only SAFE THOUGHT TEACHER, and Who is MORE THAN A "WAYSHOWER." HE IS "THE WAY."

This Master can bring out the powers of your life and mind as none else in all the world. Poverty of thought and biography would come to this world if we should take out of it those lives which have been made by Him. History would lose its best results; civilization would still be in the dark ages; and life in its reality, would be but dimly conscious of itself.

Take one single instance as an illustration of this thought. Jesus said to Peter when he met him: "Thou

art—Thou shalt be!" What insight! What inspiration! What power to bring it about! What a vision to the man! What a leap upward! "Thou art." Sometimes it is said by the Master with a sob, for he sees the sin, the poor ideals of our lives. Then, there comes a wondrous joy into His eyes, as He says: "Thou shalt be!" If it was true of Simon, and it was, it can be true of us. The undisciplined, passionate, hot, impulsive Simon, became Peter.

Actuality says: "Thou art!" Potentiality of grace in Christ Jesus, says: "Thou shalt be!" There is reclaimability in us. And the Teacher despairs of no pupil that comes to Him. He has faith in the scholar; He will make him a masterpiece.

In John Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," we have a number of illustrations of the transforming power of nature. The clay will become the ever-changing opal; the sand will become the beautiful sapphire; the soot will become the sparkling diamond. And the foul water will be drawn up into the laboratory of the skies, and transformed into soft rain and the pure snowflake. That is nature's "Thou art—thou shalt be!"

Begbie's "Twice Born Men," gives us even a greater picture of the thought: "Thou art—thou shalt be!" in the many characters who have been redeemed by the grace of Christ. Our Teacher made Jacob, Israel; Simon, Peter; Saul, Paul. He has never known defeat when the pupil was obedient to His commands and instructions. Life can be a masterpiece with Him. Some teachers would not have undertaken to retrieve David after such a disaster from sin, in his life. But

the Master put away his sin, and made him a "man after God's own heart."

It is Christ, THE TEACHER, Who has grasped all principles of wealth, education, science, philosophy, history, and could say to all men: "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, builds on a rock and shall stand; and he that doeth them not, builds on the sand, and shall fall."

Now notice, that if a man's life is to be a masterpiece without, it must first be a masterpiece within. Nothing can be *evolved* that has not first been *involved.* "Paint, canvas and brushes, are all outside forces. Genius, intelligence, morality, conscience, are inside forces. And just as the pure marble has in itself the beautiful statue; just as the diamond has in itself the glow and the radiance of the sun; just as the acorn has in itself the elements that go to make up the strength and symmetry of the tree; so a thousand times more man has in himself the beauty, the symmetry, the colour, the power, that makes him a masterpiece in the world."

No man was ever greater than he planned or longed to be. All workmen, whatever they are doing, must know what they are going to do, or to come near to it, before they begin to work. This we know is true of the artist. The painter tries to sketch out his ideal before he touches the canvas. The architect completes his drawings and his models before he begins to work at the foundation of his edifice. The poet begins to forecast, at least in his mind, the probable direction, the true limits of his song, of his argument, before he essays to submit his thought to all the restraints of

rhyme and verse. To have a great ideal, is to grow, to enlarge, is to move outward and upward; is to attain unto something worth while in life.

Rudyard Kipling tells us the story of "Kim," how the boy used to lose his sense of personality by repeating to himself the question: "Who is Kim?" Gradually his personality would seem to fade and he would experience a feeling of passing into a grander and bigger life, in which the boy "Kim" was unknown, which caused his individuality to be exalted and expanded until he sought the greater being he was capable of becoming.

When will we learn that we can give nothing we have not first acquired? We cannot make others better than ourselves. Our actual attainments are the boundaries of our influences and achievements; the rest is "hay, wood, stubble," fuel for destruction. If we would make others true, noble, strong; these virtues must first enter us to get to them. Truths which make our children great and fine in life are dependent on the transmissions of the Spirit of God and the subordinated spirits of fathers and mothers to the life of God in them. The gold and silver of the spiritual sort that we want in our children are not mined on earth; nor are they concrete things we can manufacture by our own industry. Such things come out of the depths of spirituality in God, and they come expecting and rewarding our faith in Him and in them. If we are to obtain lasting social betterment it must be brought through men and women of more uniform loveliness of temper and supreme devotion of life; men and women

rapt with the passion for service and not merely temporarily enthusiastic about its fads and fringes. The millennium would have arrived ages ago if fervid rhetoric and the adoption of resolutions would have captured it. So-called progress and culture without God within, heap on the disappointment and the agony of the world without.

Our trouble today is that we are weak on the inside forces. Let us turn back and look at the fathers a moment. "Our fathers had but few outside forces on which to rely. They were not allowed to lie long in the cradle, or to play long in the nursery. Nature was rugged and often rough with them. The old farm house stood far from its nearest neighbour, and drifts of snow and swollen streams brought about great isolation. When the winter night came, there were no picture shows, theatres or phonographs to take up the time. If the family would pass a pleasant evening they must develop the inside forces of the home, and find their comedies and tragedies on the stage of their own lives. No newspapers, no magazines allured them out of themselves. There in their own little world, they wrought out, thought out their politics, their religion, and their convictions of life. In education, the school was poorly furnished; the teacher rarely trained, and the text books those that had come down through successive family generations. Yet out of such schoolhouses and homes came leaders who founded states, wrote constitutions, built a republic, grappled with the diplomacy of Europe." Out of such homes came orators who thrilled men and women with inspiring eloquence.

Out of such homes came mighty preachers who gripped men's hearts and accomplished mighty things for God. Out of such homes came great merchants who knew how to be wise in their stewardship, democratic in their tastes and brotherly in their relations. Out of such homes came the wonder of the world—America with her great life and people.

Now contrast with this what was said by some leading educators a few years ago in a convention. They complained that they could not get the young man to think keenly. This is not to be wondered at. When you give a boy from eight to sixteen a go-cart, a bicycle, an automobile and plenty of money to go to school with, who would expect him to be a good walker, a good illustration of a fine body? When you have surrounded the boy in school with every ingenious outside support, endless explanations, charts, diagrams, specialists and specialties—why should you wonder that the average boy cannot think for himself? When you give a girl five cents to take the street car instead of walking six blocks to school; allow her to get up late and to share no part in the home duties; to primp and fuss over her looks and dress; to think of the frivolities of society; to go where she pleases at night; and have forfeited nearly all government and control over her—why should you wonder that womanhood is deteriorating from its robustness, and alertness, and thoughtfulness, to weakness and shortsightedness? The inside forces are lacking today. The outside forces reveal such weakness.

A distinguished professor one time said: "If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make him-

self as big on the inside as possible." Our greatest panic is not on the outside of life, but on the inside. Get your riches of spirit, of mind, and the outer life of power and beauty surely follow.

Again, life as a masterpiece will select and reject. There is a great amount of material at hand, and some of it is better than the other. When a classmate of mine entered Harvard College, he ran his thought over the courses offered by the University and said if he should take all that he wanted to, he would be fifty-six years getting through college. He had to select and reject. He did so, taking those that would best fit him for his chosen profession.

The first process in making a masterpiece picture is one of selection and rejection. All must be made subsidiary to the one thing that is to be emphasized.

All this agrees with God's method as seen in Gideon and his three hundred men. When the thirty thousand came to the call of Gideon, God told him that he had quantity not quality; that he must select and reject. Those who feared and trembled were told that they might retire, and twenty thousand went home. Still another test was made; another selection and rejection must come, and God would do it Himself. Coming down to the water one day after a hard march in the hot sun, the men were thirsty and wanted a drink of water more than anything else in the world. Nine thousand and seven hundred men threw aside their weapons, and abandoned themselves to drinking. Falling flat down, they drank and drank—and drank some more. They cared nothing for anything else at that

moment; they must slake their thirst. But three hundred men did not go down like the rest of them; they fell on one knee, and kept their weapons by their side. The enemy might be just across the river and surprise them; therefore they were alert to the business to which they had given their thought and devotion. They lapped from their hands as a dog would lap the water. The selection now has been made, and God has a band of men who have given Jehovah their wills, their hearts, their minds, and their bodies. Something will come from such men; they will be irresistible when they meet the enemy.

Well does Campbell Morgan say about this scene: "God cannot use the men who take unnecessary time to do necessary things. It is necessary to drink, to eat, to sleep, to take recreation. But when some great work for God is on, if you take unnecessary time to do these things in the presence of the greater things, God will pass you by, and select the man who is thinking more of His work and need, than of your own work and need."

Put God into the first place in your life. If you will examine yourself you will discover that you are clinging to the exterior things, rather than the internal things. Your selecting and rejecting will place you where you belong, as to your power with God and the world.

In the next place to have a life as a masterpiece, means you must undertake the masterpiece work. "We do not get the most out of a thousand dollar piano if we use it for strumming ragtime music. We do

not get the most out of a surgical instrument of finely tempered steel if we cut the leaves of a new magazine with it. We do not get the most out of a Nasmyth hammer if we employ it as a substitute for a nut cracker. We do not get the most out of a Hoe press if we set it to printing visiting cards. In the same way we should not get the most out of Mr. Edison by engaging him to repair automobiles, or out of ex-President Eliot by placing him in charge of a class in a kindergarten school. The only way to utilize either an instrument or a man to the full is to occupy that instrument or that man in the highest and most difficult service—a service limited only by the extent of capacity. From a merely business point of view it is stupid folly and policy to allow a high grade apparatus to do a low grade work."

You owe it to yourself and your God to make a coat of arms for yourself; to make a family name worthy of your day and life; to secure riches of character that shall make you one of God's noblemen.

What are we to do? A man is himself false before he deliberately tells a falsehood, and thereby not only brands himself before the automatic judgment seat within him, but discredits himself in the appreciation of his fellow-men, so that it becomes difficult for him to qualify again in the sacred court of truth. When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood he replied: "Never to be credited when he speaks the truth."

When we fall below the standard of manhood we relegate ourselves to a danger zone of life where, usually,

we become pusillanimous. Being then destitute of that strength of mind and firmness of will necessary to moral courage, we deteriorate into underlings, with a self-imposed and ignominious price upon us.

It is a black day for ourselves and others when the low grade of our everyday life displays the atrocious advertisement that we can be bought, if others will put up the coin. However, the greatest cost is always paid by the man who sells himself. When he puts his character, his reputation, himself, in the market, then moral bankruptcy is sure to follow.

What then is the demand upon a masterpiece life? Is the world about you wrong, are its ideals confused, its social life tyrannical, its industrial life oppressive, its political life corrupt, its religious life antiquated? You are here with power and help, to set these things right! You were born not to acquiesce, but to mould; not to love the chimney corner, but to stand in the open and defy all wrong.

The New Testament is forever being written. How will you go into its record? You cannot have a first-class experience, without a first-class service. The Rich Young Ruler had his chance but he turned it down. Paul took his chance and lives as a glorious masterpiece life.

Will you march into the record of God, like a disciple, or will you sneak out of it like a coward? It is for you to say. But life as a masterpiece, will march in to the work and service of God and humanity that it may be Israel, not Jacob; saint not sinner; server not retarder; builder not destroyer.

On Chinese Gordon's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, proud England has inscribed this epitaph: "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God."

One fine writer has said: "A great thing is never chanced. It comes because there is a great soul artist somewhere. Look at Lowell's 'Commencement Ode,' his greatest work. He didn't chance to write it. There was a man high enough up, deep enough in the sky to see down on the ground how things are. You cannot stay down on the ground and tell how things are. If you are amongst them, you get mixed as to altitudes. You have got to get above things and look down on them to understand how high up they are. You stand on the ground and the skyscraper scrapes the sky. You get on the mountain and the skyscraper is an architectural joke. It isn't even a hill; just a box to do business in. And Lowell was high enough up to look down and see how things were; that is all." When one gets big enough on the inside, the masterpiece comes, provided he will undertake the masterpiece work.

The thing I need to say is not to be great, be rich, powerful, for these are the words of the world rung into your ears every day. I need not say: seek a great name, for that is born in man and emphasized by every mother for her child. But I do need to say: Do A MASTERPIECE WORK! This will lead you to a MASTERPIECE LIFE.

And now think of the influence of a masterpiece life upon men and women. "In his famous story of

archery, Virgil represents Acestes, as shooting his arrow with such force that it took fire as it flew and went up into the air all aflame, thus opening from the place where the archer stood a pathway of light into the heavens."

"It is thus given to man's influence to fulfil this beautiful story, in that it shall open up shining pathways along which human steps may move, and human lives may live. A great life is the fuel for the fires of righteousness; it is a rudder that guides others across the right pathway of life; it is a seed for great harvests of goodness and sustenance to come; it is a builder for thoughts; an instrument for players; a picture to copy and enthuse over."

The influence of a man upon his household! How tremendous! How important! The whole current of history is being affected by his life in that household! It is not his own life that is so much at stake by what he thinks, does, and says, but those who have been given to him to mould and shape for all life.

Here is a home in New England. The ancestry is good and wholesome. Religious life has been handed down for a number of generations, and the children of this household are all Christians. There comes a time when the sons go out to make their way in life. Both go with fine ideals and Christian characters. One holds to his ideals and deepens his Christian experience and adds to the forces of good in his own and all households where he enters. He has switched no one away from the right path and thought by a bad example. No one can stand at the judgment throne and accuse him

of leading them away from God and truth. The other begins to drift after awhile through the pressure of his business and the glare and power of worldliness. He forgets to go to the place of prayer and worship. His children also slip away from the house of God, and wander into the ways of the world. Their children are doing the same thing. And so it will go on, perhaps forever. One man's faithlessness has switched the whole family history beginning with himself in a wrong direction forever. How fearful the consequences! God save that man now by helping him to see in advance the consequences of a wrong influence through his life in his own home.

A masterpiece life is not thinking of physical achievements. It knows these things shall pass away. He remembers what the old seer wrote for an old baron who gave a banquet in his castle. When the great hall resounded with laughter and music, he asked the seer to write on the wall some sentiment suitable for the occasion. While he wrote every dancer stayed for a moment, and strained his eyes to follow the hand of the writer. And, lo! these words were written. "This too shall pass away!"

"And man's physical achievements will pass away. Behold the merchant whose step on the sidewalk makes the street to tremble. The draft of an open window is sufficient to lay the merchant low in death. Soon his money is divided, disappearing like snowflakes in a river. Younger men divide his business, and in a night his name is expunged from the tablet and another written thereon. The great banker or politician builds

up an institution or a machine. His successor arises and obliterates all the old traditions, and his name is gone forever."

"You have achieved position. Remember that place of yours is already spoken for. You have invented something and you think you will be famous. But some new inventor will do better with your idea tomorrow, and the oil lamp, the old engine, the old machine, goes to the scrap heap, and your name to oblivion. All our physical achievements will pass away."

But there are things that last. What a man does with his hands goes; what he says with his lips lives; what he is remains. Let me urge therefore the masterpiece life influence that leaves the right contribution behind it, and gives you a name among the immortals of God.

Again notice, the magnificent inspiration a life as a masterpiece has upon the many that come in contact with it. What stirrings within when a great band throws out its magnificent, soul stirring music! What mighty swellings of patriotic fervor when Dewey came back and passed in review in New York harbour! What consecrations to the Stars and Stripes when our boys came home from the world war! What great ideals leap into the mind in the presence of some masterpiece of art!

Meeting in Pisa an Italian who had seen Shelley on the day before he was drowned, Robert Browning exclaimed: "And did you really see Shelley, and see him plain? And what words did he say, and how did he look?" And the joy of that interview with a man

who had seen Shelley, stirred the great "poet's poet." Many a young life has been stirred and set forward mightily by reading, seeing or hearing some great masterful life.

When Wendell Phillips was sixty, one Sunday night he was crossing Boston Common. He felt blue and discouraged, and was lost in thought. Coming upon a man who stood in the midst of a little company, preaching some reform, he stopped a moment and listened. A little girl of ten, lingering on the outskirts, came quickly up and asked alms of him. The man searched her face to see if she spoke the truth or not. Taking her face in his hands, and holding it up so he might search it, he said: "Little girl, are you telling me the truth? Is your mother really sick?" "Yes, sir!" came the quick reply. Putting his hand into his pocket he gave her a bill and said: "God bless you, little girl, you and your mother have a right to live." Then he passed on into the night. Bewildered with her good fortune, the child dashed home, and bounding up the stairs, rushed into her mother's room, and gave her the bill. Questioned, she could only remember one thing: "He had a silvery voice." Then the widow came to better days. Once more the child was in school. There came a time when she graduated from the Conservatory of Music. At last, oh, wonder of wonders, she was going to sing in a great meeting in Tremont Temple. After her song was over, Wendell Phillips arose to speak. Something in his words caught the young girl's ear. Not for twelve years had she heard that voice, but she was sure of it. It was the man with the silvery voice.

Going up to him after his lecture, she asked him if he remembered the incident. Thinking hard for a moment he said: "Did I take your face in my hands, and holding your chin ask: 'Little girl, are you telling me the truth?'" "Yes, sir! that is what you asked me. I was that little girl." "I am so glad if I was able to help you," was his noble reply.

A few weeks later the great orator was dead. And when his body was left in state for a few hours, a woman with grey hair and a young singer stood long, looking into that quiet, peaceful face. Tears came to their eyes, and their sobs were heard. Then, down upon the glass a young girl stooped to leave a sacred kiss. At last the seed of action had come to its harvest. The isolated act had brought forth a great reward. And the man who lay there had become a masterpiece.

And lastly, a life as a masterpiece, will have the "Well Done" of the Father, when it is crowned at the end of life. Every life must face the Creator and render an account for things done here in the flesh. Everything will be known; every secret manifest. But the masterpiece life can say: "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?"

Here is a court room. There sits the judge on the bench awaiting the beginning of court. There is brought into the room a prisoner who has committed some misdemeanour against the laws of the land. He knows that there are witnesses there who know about his case and who are to testify against him. There is terror in his heart; his bravado is gone. He can scarcely look up to the man on the bench. He knows that he is to be his

judge. He dreads the hour of sentence. The door opens again, and a young boy comes in with a smile on his face. He stops at the bar of the court and the sheriff nods his head; he enters the inner circle; the judge smiles and nods to him. He now goes upon the bench and whispers something into the judge's ear. The judge whispers something to him, and then catches and kisses him, and the boy with a radiant smile on his face comes down off the bench, and goes out of the court room. There was no fear in that face; no terror in that heart.

The two persons have seen that judge in different lights. One saw him as judge; the other saw him as father. Which way are you going to see God? It is for you to say. God does not say. Your life will answer the question. He wants to see you as Father. No judge likes to sentence a man; he prefers to save a man if he can.

One time Abraham Lincoln acted as a judge for a little while, and a murder case was tried before him. The man was found guilty by the jury of murder in the first degree. As he stood up to receive his sentence from the court, Abraham Lincoln asked him if he had anything to say before he should pronounce sentence upon him. He said: "Yes! Abraham Lincoln, I have something to say. One day a few years ago you were my saviour. My horses ran away and you ran out and saved me from their hoofs when I was too drunk to save myself. You were my saviour then; I want you to be my saviour now." Tears came to the eyes of the great-hearted man, and he said: "I remember now

about that. I was your saviour then, and I would like to be your saviour now, but I cannot be so today. The law of the court will not allow me to be so. I must now be your judge." And the sentence of death was passed upon him. God would be our Saviour, but He may not be able to be so. It is for us to say, whether we shall call out "Father" with joy and "Alleluias" unto Him who "hath redeemed us and washed us in His own precious blood."

"Life as a Masterpiece," then will go forth recognizing its materials and tools; using its Guide and Teacher constantly; involving the presence of the Spirit, the word of truth; evolving purity, goodness and ability of life; selecting that which makes iron and blood of character, eliminating envy, fretting, anger and harshness; going forth not to carp and complain, but to share all the pulsations of life; criticising the things that are by creating the things that ought to be; putting itself into the record of all that is high and good; carrying warm hearts for the weak, strong minds for the oppressed; being an inspiration for the great and high of life, until all shall feel that they ought to have Life as a Masterpiece to present to their God.

"He came to my desk with a trembling lip,—
The lesson was done,—
'Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,' he said;
'I have spoiled this one.'
I took the old leaf, soiled and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled,
'Do better now, my child.'

"I came to the Throne with a trembling soul—
The old year was done,—
'Dear Father, I want a new leaf,' I said;
'I have spoiled this one.'
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted
And into my sad heart smiled,
'Do better now, my child.'"

IV

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LOVE

LOVE, glorious, divine and great! Thou art a mystic! Thou art so deathless that no man's mind can trace thee! Thou art so high that no fancy can follow thee! Thou art so broad that no philosophy can compass thee! Thou art so deep that no definition can find thee! Thou art so penetrating that all the turns and crooks of life shall be found of thee! Thou art so marvellous as to be Creator, the mover and the transformer of all things divine and human in the world! We bow to thee, as King and Queen of all and in all.

"Love is the greatest thing in the world." In its presence sunsets, seas, mountains, starry nights, glorious mornings are but as shadows and dreams. All the music of nature is but the prelude of its on-coming anthem. All the splendid scintillations of jewels are but the shadows of its magnificent glory. All the words of men are but the preface of its grand, illuminating, life-giving book.

The man who enters the sanctuary of love and opens the door of his heart to its influences, permitting its messengers of affection to come and go, has found the pearl of greatest price, the grandest teacher, the finest

inspirator, the ablest physician, and the truest companion.

Love has never been defined. Paul describes it; illustrates it in his wonderful chapter on "charity," but he does not define it. It is the reality of realities.

"Love is the one great truth; the Rock
On which all else that is may rest;
The Substance of which all is made;
The life stream flooding through the breast
Of all created things.

"Love fashioned all. Love gave the sign
At which worlds sprang; was the design
And the designer of each sea,
Or shore or shoal, or tarn or tree
Or rainbowed insect's wings.

"Love is eternal; Love the Real
Which cannot change though all else pass.
Before its power, sin, sorrow, shame
Depart like shadows on the grass,
And prove themselves but mists.

"Love is the Life in which man lives,—
The great Omnipotence which gives
To him all power. It is his breath;
Wherefore man shall conquer death,
Since life alone exists."

"God is love," is our only definition. It is well that this is so. Love will do all it can for its object, and in this definition we find the help, the care, the

strength we seek. We are not to fail, we are to go on and up to victory; love will have it so. Love enriches whatever it touches, and makes every good thing better and every better thing, best.

The accent of our teaching should be love. It is said that two friends met after having heard Tannhäuser the night before. "Did you like it?" asked one of the other. "Y-e-s," was the reply. "And neither did I," said the other. The word said "yes," but the accent said "no." The true accent of the Gospel is love. Nowhere in the Bible is it declared that God is justice, or righteousness, or wisdom, but only that "God is love." Love is not one of His attributes, it is all of them. The light of the sun is white, but when it falls upon the prism, it is broken up into all the colours of the rainbow. The light which streams from God, is love, and all His moral attributes are but the inflections and refractions of His love.

Human love is one of the three hungers of the soul. The other two are food and God. Some have added another, the hunger for offspring. One noted writer says: "that after hunger for food, which is based upon the instinct of the preservation of the individual, the desire for children, based upon the instinct of the preservation of the species, is the greatest that governs life."

Too many writers today trace love to the primitive animal instincts, and make it the expectation of sensual pleasure. Sensual love is the only love that the greater part of humanity knows. This love has no depth or duration. This is immature love and comes from immature attraction, and is known as "puppy love,"

which soon fails its object. Animal passion obtrudes upon the young, and the desires of the flesh are considered to be love. Trashy novels and many picture shows are doing great mischief today in that they teach that one should obey the impulse of love and disregard all laws and codes and religion. All this makes only for a sentimental love that has lust back of it.

Genuine love lies in the sacrifice of one's happiness for another's sake, and is characterized by patience, kindness, generosity, sincerity and self-sacrifice. True love seeks its own happiness in the felicity of the other, and is rational, deep and enduring and never fails in its ethical sense of duty.

The best men and women are as delicate as a mechanism; as highly strung as a harp, and the harmony of their lives is determined by the master hand of love which strikes their heart strings; and the human being that is a mere "piece of meat" is in no condition to make happy or understand real love.

The impulse of love then is the search after an incarnation of the inward ideal and falling in love, is the instinctive conviction that the ideal has been found.

One looking simply for the physical beauty of another, has a sensual ideal. This is too apt to be the search of youth. But it fails to bring the love that is ethical and enduring. A man may get along with the sensual side of his nature, but a woman cannot long do this. She is able to do nothing greater than to love. To her to live, is to love. She becomes aware that purely sensual love will not last. She should, therefore, be looking for qualities of love that will outlive the freshness

of physical charms. Love to a woman is an exalted and noble thing; she stakes her life upon it, therefore she must be taught early to seek the man who has nobility of mind, fineness of heart, a chivalrous spirit, and a courage of devotion to all her best interests.

Bad women try to keep man's animal passions alive. This is their hold. Good women seek to develop the chaste and refined, the love that is divine and goes beyond the physical. With this contrast, we now proceed to look at love from its higher standard.

Love never had a beginning. God is love, and God has always been. Therefore love never has had a beginning. "I have thee loved with an everlasting love," is a wonderful statement of fact. The ancestry of love is: "In the beginning God." Dig into the bygone ages forever, and there Love sits supreme in her reign as the queen of all realities. Is it any wonder that love has the impetuosity of a flooded river, the life-giving qualities of the sun, the subtle touch of electric currents, the strength of gravitation, and the beauty of a perfect, never-ending day! Love has lighted the altars of our hearts forever, and has kept burning the holy incense of devotion for all time.

And love is never to end. The song of love is "forever and ever." The one thing in me that lives is love. It gives me faith and hope for all time, and links me with the eternal God and all the loves of the past and present. I have embarked on the river of love that never had a beginning and it carries me on into the great ocean of never-ending love, and binds me to all that is dear and glorious in life.

Your pedigree is love! No one has more royal relations, more kingly connections, more standing in the past than you. Your coat of arms is back to the King of kings, to the immensity of God, to the fellowship of all might, and glory and wealth and love.

"Love is the greatest thing in the world!" No one disputes the statement. The greatness of love never sees the faults, and whenever it discovers them, throws over them the mantle of charity. Love does not censure. Where others see the wrong, love sees some good. All hearts agree with Paul Laurence Dunbar when he says:

"Because you loved me, I have much achieved;
Had you despised me, then I must have failed;
But knowing that you trusted and believed,
I dare not disappoint, and so prevailed."

There is a story called "Laddie," that tells of a Scotch mother whose son in early manhood had been allowed to go to London to be brought up by an old physician friend who educated him in his profession. About the time the son graduated, his father died and the young doctor was unable to go home. A few months later the mother, hungry for love determined to go and live with her son who now had settled down to his profession. She surprised him and while glad to see her, shadows played over his face at the thought of the little old-fashioned mother settled over his home. What would the aristocratic people think of her? What would his sweetheart Violet say, to her old-fashioned ways?

Keeping her true identity from his servants he de-

termined to settle her in the suburbs of the great city where he might see her often. That night he suggested to her that the traffic and bustle of the city would be too noisy for her, and it would be better for her to live just outside of the city, where he could run out and visit her. A shadow came over her face. Quickly concealing it however, after awhile she retired saying that they would talk the matter over again in the morning.

The doctor tried to sleep but could not. He rolled and tossed until he heard his door open and he called out: "Mother, what is it?" And she said, "Laddie, may I come in and tuck you in just as I used to do when you was a boy?" "Yes, mother," he replied. Tucking him in, she stooped over and kissed him and then retired. That kiss burned into his soul and he resolved that he would keep his mother no matter what happened. After making this decision, he fell asleep.

He slept longer than usual in the morning. As soon as he was dressed he went to his mother's room, but she was gone; the place was empty. A little note told him that she did not want to stand in his way, and she was sure that she could find a way to care for herself. He tried to find her but could not; she had slipped out of sight. He told Violet and she searched with him, but to no avail. Months afterward, when the doctor had visited a patient in the hospital, and was going out through the accident ward, he saw a screen around a cot and he said to the nurse: "Some one near death, I see." "Yes," was the reply, "an old woman was run over by an omnibus and she talks in her delirium about her old

home and now and then she calls for Laddie." Instantly the doctor was around the screen to the cot, and there lay his old mother. With a cry of "Mother," that would almost have called one back from the dead he threw himself by her side. She opened her eyes and wearily stroked his head and said: "It has been a long way since I left you, Laddie." Violet came and the two stood by her cot as her life went out with the going down of the sun. And she gave them her parting blessing and the doctor discovered a mother's love that did not want to stand in the way of her son's success.

If we love much, we are much, whether we have gold or bonds. Men look at our financial standing but God looks at the heart. "The man who has no money is poor, but the man who has nothing but money is poorer still." To have the greatness of love is to be a millionaire.

The greatness of divine love is seen in its ethical and spiritual energy. All the forces of the earth are to it as the breath of babes to the power that swings the stars. For all time it has wrought with no decrease of strength. "It is turning and overturning to build a highway for the feet of God, and hastening to freshen the face of the world with the dawn of an endless day. It has taken Magdalenes out of the slime and made them the white-souled saints of heaven. It has taken cowards and liars and made them the invulnerable champions of truth. It has taken huge class wrongs hoary with the age of centuries and beaten them to dust and burned them in the fires of a new created public scorn. And it is still at work redeeming and re-creating

the world. Whatsoever may be the needs of man it will meet the necessities of his case."

"A few years ago when in New England I stood at the inlet of the sea; the cold night, with frost fingers, had covered the little bay with a coating of ice. Running out, the tides had left the ice behind. The carts from the city had come down, with their sweepings of the streets, their dust and ashes and coal cinders and broken boxes, and tin cans, and old barrels, and made the shore hideous. What power could cleanse that filth away? Yonder in the sky hangs an orb, that loves sweetness and works toward beauty. Silently it sends forth its whisper, quickly the waves hear the secret call, and the waters, obedient, spring forward like well-trained steeds. Fulfilling their task, the tides came in to cleanse the bay. They knew well their work, these cleansing waters. They lifted the ice, tore it from its place, ground it to dust, tossed its cakes like driftwood, swept all the scavenger's filth from the shore, and retreating, carried all out to sea, to bathe the cakes of ice in the far-off tropic stream."

"Even so the love of God flows in upon the generations of men, and that love, coming in like the tides, brings cleansing and recovery. What? You discouraged? And over economic wrongs, social abuses, commercial iniquities? God's loving thoughts, and His purposes of righteousness, will grind to powder every iniquitous custom, every unholy law, scatter all wicked wealth, as the tides grind the sea in the harbours, as the tropic waves consume the icebergs of the north."

Love has patience. "Do people love you when you

do wrong?" some one asked a little girl. "No! but mother does," was her answer. True love has the great masterful holding power of patience. Do you say: "I love him," and yet have not patience! Then your love is lacking one great quality of its saving, helping power. Do you say: "I love her," and yet, storm and fret over her weaknesses and lack of attention to home cares! Then you too, must know that you have not been touched with the divineness of love that bears and keeps silent until the storm of words and manner have passed. True love "beareth all things, endureth all things." Here is the standard of patience, for our love.

The patience of divine love is summed up by the Master when He says: "A bruised reed shall he not break and a smoking flax shall he not quench." Let us get the picture of these words. There by the side of the river Jordan is a reed that some prowling animal has stepped upon as he came down in the night from the hills to get a drink. It is hanging by just a thread. A fitful wind will break off the last tie of life. And there is a wick with just a stenching coal left on it. Touch it, and its last spark will go.

How many broken reeds and smouldering wicks of human life there are! What is to be done with them? The argument of science is "the survival of the fittest." Human beings must fight it out, and only the fit can live. Society has no place for its prodigals. The world is hard and smiting in its judgments; swift as lightning in its censure. You cannot force a broken reed back to its place; you cannot blow a smoking wick into a flame.

There must be divine patience working; there must be a patient love coming in, else all is lost.

The patience of God's love is seen in Jesus Christ. He comes in gentleness. He says: "I will not break you, I will not put out the last spark of your life." Strength is often pitiless. God help us never to fall into the hands of strong men who misjudge us, who are cruel, who are unjust. But the man who talks about the broken reed and the smoking flax, as Jesus did, will never give us up.

Jesus, then, "watches not like a heartless overseer, with whip in hand to smite if I mis-step or grow weary with my work. But His observations are like a gardener who sees the bud of promise in me, and who gives me the dews of grace and the sunshine of warming love to bring me to grand fruitage in life."

There are many things that tend to keep us from God, but nothing hinders so much as wrong views of God. There is the man who has lived the life of a prodigal. He is a magnificent wreck. He stands like some great trees that I have seen, blasted and charred by the awful fires that have swept over them. But Christ's love saves such.

There is a girl whose virtue lies like a soiled and trampled flower. She hears the message of love and asks wonderingly: "How can I go to whiteness?" Well, is there a stagnant pool on the face of the earth so reeking with slime, that the sun scorns to shine upon it? Rossetti wrote a sonnet on "The Woman Who Was a Sinner;" who came to the door of Simon the Pharisee. Have you seen the picture Rossetti

painted here? A woman passing through the street in all the untroubled and false gaiety of the beautiful courtesan; looks and suddenly sees the face of Christ; her life is scorched into blackness and awfulness, her soul cries out within her in agony and in the words of the poem:

"O, loose me, seest thou not my Bridegroom's face
That draws me to him? For his feet, my kiss,
My hair, my tears he craves today—and oh!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood-stained feet of his?
He needs me—calls me—loves me—let me go!"

She had seen the Christ, and that moment she wanted to be cleansed. And if one goes out to meet the Christ, a spark is enough for his patient love to work upon.

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee."

Together with Him we may climb the way to peace and victory; to hope and life; to health and power.

Love has real strength. We sometimes measure a man by his physical prowess; his lifting power. This is not the highest test of strength. There is an endurance that comes from love, combined with strength of heart, that shows that "might is not always right," but that right is always might. True love is strong enough to meet any test. It does not change with climate or circumstances. It is the same day and night, summer and winter, cold and heat, poverty or wealth. It is strong to endure; to die for its object.

To have strong, virile human love, is to obtain a companion of inspiration and a yoke fellow that pulls the load of life to the goal of success.

Note the strength of love as portrayed in the life of Jesus and John. A fisherman is never weak; he is never feminine. But John, "snuggled" up to Christ. He laid his head upon his bosom. He found a great soul confidant in the Master.

One of the elements of a soul confidant is strength. "You cannot snuggle up very successfully to a reed, or a cotton string, or a mollycoddle." John had to have a strong confidant, for he was a strong man himself. He was called Boanerges—Son of Thunder. That does not sound weak, does it? Such a man must have a great, strong love to link up to in his life. He found it in Christ.

Another element of strong love is great sympathy. No man chooses a cynic for a confidant. Only he who can cross the boundary of our being with an unselfish love can have our confidence.

And then there is the element of safety in strong love. Weak love will fail us, in the hour of testing. "Babbling brooks" are picturesque and musical in woodland and meadow poetry, but in the field of friendship no "babbler" need apply.

We must lay our heads somewhere when it aches with the roar of care and anxiety. Whether the trouble be financial, domestic, or personal, you can find help only in strong love. Of such love it can be said: "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust."

Love is tender! A head without love is a stick of dynamite that may go off at any moment. A life without love is an iceberg in the way of the traffic of the seas, a menace to passing ships in the night. Mother love is another sun that rivals Old Sol in the multiplied beauties with which it enriches the home. Father love is a sunrise of good cheer and energizes all about it. Conjugal love glows with happiness and sings with true sympathy and harmony in the home. Children's love, while immature and rash, should be ardent in its affection for parents and thoughtful of the many cares of the household.

Perhaps no aspect of love is so needed as tenderness. Such love "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." If happiness is to be in the home, let love constantly increase its endearing phrases and grow with the years in the ardency of its declarations!

What an illustration of the tenderness of Christ we have in his relationship with Peter. While Peter denied Jesus, He was most tender in His bearing to the wayward disciple. When the cock crew, Peter understood and Jesus who might have spoken and rebuked the recreant disciple, only gave a look of tenderness which went to the disciple's heart with anguish. And when the Master arose from the dead and Mary came to the disciples, her message had an exultant cry: "The Master has arisen, and He told me to go and tell His disciples *and Peter.*" Special message to him. He needed it. John and Peter ran to the sepulchre, and John arrived first, but dared not go in. Not so, Peter; he rushed in. He wanted to be forgiven; he wanted to

meet the Christ, as no one else. But Jesus was not there; He had arisen and gone forth.

Has it ever occurred to you that nowhere in the Word of God can you find about that first meeting of Jesus and Peter after the resurrection; not a word about the confession of weakness, the awful sin of denial and following afar off? Why not? Because it was too tender a matter to be put into print.

When President Garfield was shot and he was taken to the White House, they sent for his wife. She came on a special train, having the right of way. When she arrived in Washington, she was hurried to the Executive Mansion. When she came in sight they all left the room where the wounded husband lay—doctors, nurses, cabinet officers, all left the room, and she went in and no one saw the greeting between the dying man and his wife; no one heard the words that passed between the two. And there, for fifteen minutes they were all alone. No newspaper reporter dared to picture in his imagination on paper what passed between the President and his wife. Why not? Because it was too tender a thing to try and picture or express.

Here, then, is a picture of the tenderness of love. If Matthew is our guide, he says of it, "The very hairs of your head are numbered"; if Mark is our guide, he says of this love, "And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them"; if Luke guides us, he gives us a picture of the father forgiving the wayward son and putting a robe on him, while Paul says, "Nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus." And the

Master says, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Truly we can sing, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find."

True love is immutable; it holds in the stress and storm of life. In England, there is a form of a crusader and his fair lady over their burial place. The stalwart knight is clad in full armour, while his lady is perfect, except a hand is missing.

The curious traveller is told that during the Crusades a knight was captured by Saladin, the Moslem leader. When asked to give a reason why he should not be put to death, the knight replied that he had back in England a lady royal who loved him with supreme affection, and if he were killed her heart would break. Saladin in scorn laughed at the man's statement and said: "She will soon forget her grief, and will soon be married to another." "Not so," said the knight, "she would give her right hand for me." "Ah! we shall see," said Saladin. "I promise thy life if the lady send to me her beautiful hand." This grim message was sent to the lady, whereupon she had her right hand cut off and sent to Saladin. "Ah!" said he, in surprise, "now I know that thou hast told me the truth. Now I know the heart of one true and loyal woman. Thou shalt not die. Thou art free!"

Here was a love that did not change with the circumstances of life, but proved its immutability. But human love often changes! A little financial trouble will break up the children of a family! A little misunderstanding will send friends in opposite directions

of thought and purpose. Bosom friends of schooldays and college, forget after awhile, and the years bring mighty changes in human love. Anger stirs up a different route in many a person's heart. "And yet, you have no more right to stay mad twenty-four hours than you have to set fire to your neighbour's house or throw cayenne pepper into his eyes." If true love was there it would not change.

God's love never changes. It is ours now and forever. It is ours as much as the sun, the light, the water, the earth. Calvary was a great heart-pant of God after the human race, and Christ is the manifestation of that love, and of Him it is said: "He is the same yesterday, today and forever."

"Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains,
And under the caves;
Through floods that are deepest,
O'er rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way."

Yes! It is true:

"Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray.
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

True love cannot be valued. We cannot estimate the value of anything until it is really gone. Who knows

the value of eyesight until it is gone! The value of health, until it is gone! The value of loved ones, until they are gone!

I had a most remarkable mother. Her love for her children is a great remembrance to them. But when I went back home and found it empty of her presence, then I knew what made the home. At the mound in the cemetery, I cried: "I know now, mother, the value of your love; it is gone!"

We must not spurn love! There is nothing so dead as a dead love. Many a man and woman wake up too late to a love that is dead. Rarely is there a resurrection of love. Cherish it, and it will become the great power and sunshine of the home.

God's love can never die. We should thank God for this great fact. It may be unrealizable sometime, as Judas would seem to indicate. We are also told there will come a time in the life of some when they will call upon the mountains and rocks to hide them from the face of God. Why? Because they have trampled upon His love, spurned it again and again. Then it will be valued but not possessed. To pass the door of love means death. "For us to love not, means that Christ cannot reign in our lives." Heaven is to be heaven, because there is nothing there but love. Hell is to be hell, because it will not love.

Love is the inspiration of all life and achievement. It was Love that called us into being. It was Love that pushed on to do and be. Love as inspiration is the mother of art; the quickener of poetry; the composer of music. Love is the magician who waves his wonder-

ful wand over our thoughts and plans, making us awake to the passion of sacred movements that advance the world of humanity toward God and heaven.

Back of every worker of merit in the world's history there has been love acting as the inspirer of the race that has brought the goal of fame and power. Even illicit love has its power and quickening in man and woman. Take the inspiration of love out of the world and we would make the world poor and sordid.

Love is sacrificial. It gives to the death; it does not hesitate. How grandly has W. H. H. Murray brought that out in "The Man That Didn't Know Much." It is the final chapter of the book. It was a stormy night and "The Man Who Didn't Know Much," and the old trapper, John Norton and Herbert, were on their way from New York to Boston on a Sound steamer to spend the holidays with the latter. The lad, as The Man Who Didn't Know Much was sometimes called, was calmed and quiet while many of the passengers were uneasy at the gathering storm. Herbert discovered that the lad seemed to know about where they were and learned that he had formerly lived on the Connecticut Coast. All at once there came a cry of "Fire!" No one knew where the cry came from, but it was the voice of a woman, full of terror. As the cry was repeated, men turned from their berths and rushed out into the corridors. The uproar and confusion became terrible.

The forward hold of the vessel was on fire, so the captain said, and assured the people that he would beach the boat to save the people from the combustible material in the hold of the ship. No small boats could

live in such a tempest, and no member of the crew would take the responsibility of running the steamer with six hundred passengers on board to a coast that was rough and of which they had no knowledge. The captain in despair finally shouted out: "Is there a man here who knows this coast?"

For a moment no one spoke, then the lad rose out of the shadow and said: "Yes, sir, I know this coast." "Who are you?" said the captain. "I was born within ten miles of where we are at the present time, and I know every rock and reef and point, for I have fished on them all," was the reply of the lad.

The captain looked incredulous, but the old trapper came forward and said: "Cap' whatever the lad say, ye can sartinly take for gospel truth. And ef he says he was born here, he was born here; and ef he says he knows this shore, he knows it; and ye can rely on him to do what he say he can do; for his words be truth, and his acts be like his words."

The captain said to the old trapper: "Old man, this boy is your companion and you love him?" "Yis, the lad and me have slept together, and we've eaten from the same bark, and he and me have done leetle sarvices for each other that men in the woods don't forgit. I love that lad." "Ought the boy to stay and go to death?" "Sartin, sartin," said the trapper; "ef the lad can save the wimmin folks and the leetle 'uns, say nothing of the rest, he ought to stay, even ef he starts on his last trail from the deck of a ship instead of from the shadder of the pine; for death never comes too quick to one who meets it at the post of duty, and

it never comes slow enough to one who shirks. Yis, let the lad stay where he be at the wheel, and an old man who has faced death on many a field where bullits was thick will stand by his side, and the Lord of Mercy shall do with us as He will."

As the fire grew hot and stifling, Herbert seized the hose and poured water on the lad and the old trapper. It was a furnace of fire that was around them, but in the midst of it all the lad stood giving his orders, and finally his voice was heard saying: "Tell 'em I hear the surf on the beach."

The garments of the lad were on fire, and the boat struck the beach, and as the flat bottom of the vessel struck the sand, the three friends went down together.

It was the evening of the second day after the catastrophe. Most of the passengers were saved. All had gone away except a few. Some stayed to see the lad fight for his life. He was terribly burned. All that skill could do was done for him. But skill could not save him. The old trapper had come out fairly well, for at the insistence of the lad he had stepped back from the roaring furnace of fire about the pilot house. Herbert had been scorched somewhat, but was out of danger from his burns. The two were about the lad, watching his every unconscious movement. They hoped that he might come back to his right mind before he passed out and he did, speaking their names with a smile. "John Norton, Herbert! How many were saved?"

They told him. Then the old trapper said: "Lad, ye have come to the eend of the trail and yer feet be

on the edge of the Great Clerin'!" "I am not afraid to die, John Norton," said the lad. He gave a few words to them as to his fiddle and rifle. Then the old trapper with tears in his eyes said: "Lad, I've lived beyond the limits of man's days, and I've seed many of the wise and the great. The Lord has sartinly given you something better than the knowin' head and the cunnin' tongue; for He gin ye a heart to love right and to hate wrong; and He made ye marciful to them that do evil and treated ye unkindly; and He gin ye a courage to die like a chief without tremblin'. And more than all the wise and great I have knowed, lad, I think ye was favoured by yer Maker."

The lad listened with a wonderful smile and after a few moments, he suddenly lifted his eyes and looked far out and cried: "Mother!" and he was gone. And there in the farmyard by the sea, near the beach, they buried him near his mother, and they put on his stone: "The Man Who Didn't Know Much." But better yet, they should have put: "He Saved Others; Himself He Could Not Save."

Love gives to the utmost. No sacrifice is too great. This is the story of Christ's love. It was sacrificial. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here is the Bible in miniature; the story of love in its final essence. Love saves.

Glorious loving is glorious spiritual uplifting. To love abundantly is to live abundantly. To love forever is to live forever. To have love is to have God, and to

have God is to have all. Our business in this world is to love divinely, that we may live divinely; to save divinely that we may reign divinely; to give divinely that we may lift divinely: to die divinely that we may awake in His likeness, which is Glorious Heavenly Love.

V

THE MEN WHO DARED

HE was America's most typical son, Theodore Roosevelt! He had wonderful intuition, great energy, rugged honesty, intense Americanism. He made the unusual wherever he was. When the Japanese Ambassador insulted him by most abrupt demands concerning the California Japanese land question, President Roosevelt demanded his recall which was consummated at once. But the German government, making ready for its world war, saw a chance to make a secret treaty with an offended Japanese nation, and so asked for the appointment of the recalled ambassador to Germany, which was done. President Roosevelt saw the intrigue and at once suggested to Congress that it would be a fine thing to send our battle-fleet around the world for a practice cruise. Congress did not have the vision and refused the money for the trip. His reply to Congress was: "I have the money in the reserve fund to send them over there, and I am going to send them, and they will stay there until you furnish the money for them to come back." HE DARED! The fleet made its trip, the Japanese understood the meaning of that trip and all talk of war ceased and the treaty with Germany was never made.

The world today thanks God that we had a President at that time "Who Dared."

We are at an hour in the world's crisis. Ordinary men cannot save it. Men who dare for God and the right are in demand. Some men among us are about to join the hosts of chivalry and march into the records of God's history forever. The call today is for the heroic in men. There are vested interests intrenched; corrupt systems to be overthrown; pleasure-seeking men and women to be admonished; a church to be upheld; institutions to be preserved; a God to be enthroned; where are the men who dare? They are coming! Already the challenge has been issued and God is raising up men to do His will, that righteousness shall not perish off the face of the earth.

Men in the past have dared. We live in their sacrificial freedom, liberty and religion. Their names are many, but we will look at three in David's time, who made him king, and give us vivid pictures of heroism.

There is Eleazer, a man who "arose and smote the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto the sword; and Jehovah wrought a great victory that day." Eleazer means "the man whom God aids." He was the son of "Dodo," the loving one. These meanings give us some conceptions as to the success and qualities of this man. The son of a loving one becomes a great warrior, and God aids him, which is the secret of his success. He won because he gripped his weapon of offence, and because he put all there was in him to the task. Here is our lesson today. WE MUST GRIP OUR WEAPONS, and put all there is in us into the

task. Half-heartedness means a failure; not to use our weapons is to be defeated.

What weapons have we? We have the Sword of the Spirit. It is our best weapon. To know how to wield the Word of God is one of the most valuable possessions of offence and defence. But we must not wield it for our prejudices—to prove the doctrine of a church, the second coming of Christ alone, baptism, spiritualism or healing. Joseph Smith read it for Mormonism; Mary Baker Eddy for Christian Science; Dowie for healing. THE BIBLE IS THE LITERATURE OF THE SPIRIT. Its dreams are deep; its vision high; its words are mystical. It can only be understood by the spiritual man. It is an atmosphere; it is a mood; it is a divine brooding; it is a force; it is a Sword of the Spirit for the man who grips it rightly. How shall I grip it?

First as the Word of God. "All scripture is God breathed"—2 Tim. 3:16. We do not press this to verbal inspiration of all manuscripts, but to the fact as Paul gives it.

Second, the Word must be rightly divided. "Handling aright the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15. How? In its relation to Jew, Gentile and the Church. "Give no occasion of stumbling, either to the Jews, or to the Greeks, or to the church of God." 1 Cor. 10:32. The message to the Church is found from Romans to Thessalonians. Part of that was written while Paul was ministering to both Jew and Gentile, but when he became the prisoner of Christ Jesus on behalf of the Gentile, many things drop out and others

are revealed. Eph., Phil., Col., are the prison epistles and the last to the Church which is his body. The other scriptures are also invaluable though not written to us, and we can use them for instruction and illustration, and apply them inside the limits of our dispensation. We get into contradictions and difficulties at once when we read the message of one dispensation into another. Here is a chance for the harmonizer. It is quite probable that not one of the points which cause the division between the various Protestant denominations can be defended from a rightly divided scripture.

Third, God is in the Word and He cannot deny Himself. Therefore no one scripture may be used to contradict another. If it seems to do so, it is quite likely the fault of the interpretation and not in the scripture, and we must find out how to correct our ideas.

Fourth, distinguish between interpretation and application. The former is absolute and belongs to them to whom it was addressed. When we have found that, then we are in a position to make various applications or illustrations, but only within the limits of our dispensation. We must not, as is almost universally done, read the Kingdom into the Church; the Jewish into the Gentile; Law into Grace, or vice versa.

Fifth, use the Word as the only authority. We must not substitute authorities and writers, for the actual word of God itself. The only weapon Satan does fear is the Word itself. Any other language has not the living sharp edge which the Word has to give. Notice the pregnant sentence in Mark about the para-

ble of the sower. "The seed is the Word." THAT is the only seed the true sower sows. Flowers may be more beautiful; tares may be almost alike in appearance, but the only seed the Sower will own is the Word. Moreover the only harvest he will gather in is that which comes from the Word. And the sower who sows anything else, however beautiful, in His field, is counted an enemy. How important then the injunction: "PREACH THE WORD." Every other crop, every plant which my Father hath not planted shall be rooted up "and burned."

Here, then, is our weapon. To know how to use it rightly is to have all needed wisdom; all needed power. Grip the Word with your mind and your heart; grip it with your hand and your life behind it, and it will give victory.

GRIP THE SPIRIT! This gives the greatest auxiliary aid a man can have in his battle. Then he is changed from an ordinary into an extraordinary man. In these days we are apt to grip our intellectual training, our financial resources, our social standing, our influential pulls, and count on these things to give us the victory. We must go past all these to the Spirit, and realize "that it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

We generate power not by organization; not by a fine church, a splendid choir, a great preacher, but by "waiting on the Lord." God is looking for men who dare to be "pious"; dare to give God a chance at their means, their hearts, and their time. The spiritual product of efficiency comes out of our persistency. We

must go "a little further"; we must needs use the "last bit of meal"; we must take "the last step" with the Spirit, and then we have found the means by which we win and honour God.

"There is an ancient legend, that while the Greeks were besieging Troy they received an oracle to the effect that the city would never be taken till Achilles came to the front. The mother of Achilles had been assured that death would overtake him if he went to war, and moved by motherly fear, she contrived to have him hidden away disguised as a girl in the court of Diomedes. Crafty old Ulysses, having heard of the oracle touching the need of the presence of the young soldier before the walls of Troy, set out at once to search for him. In the guise of a pedlar he effected an entrance into the castle of Diomedes, where before the eager eyes of a group of girls he spread out a glittering array of gewgaws such as girls are supposed to delight in, while, as if by chance, there was laid among them a heavy sword. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal arranged by Ulysses, a trumpet blast sounded at the gate, whereupon one of the girls, with flushing cheeks and kindling eyes, sprang forward and gripped the sword and flashed it in the air, and stood forth every inch a soldier. Ulysses had found his man, and laying his hand upon his shoulder said: 'Achilles, I want you.' And Achilles went, and Troy fell."

What is wanted today are Eleazers in spirit, who will be recruiting officers like Ulysses, and recruits like Achilles gripping the sword of power, going forth that the strongholds of sin may fall.

The need is great! God give us men who dare! Men who will not debate, but do; men who will not criticize but construct; men who are not pacifists but fighters; men whose hands will cleave unto their weapons, until the just peace comes; until Christ reigns.

Shammah dared! He was the son of Agee, a Hararite. And the Philistines were gathered together into a troop, where there was a plot of ground full of lentils; and the people fled from the Philistines. But he stood in the midst of the plot, and defended it, and slew the Philistines; and Jehovah wrought a great victory. And he was Shammah the Harodite."

The man who stands is one with Joshua, Gideon, Elijah, Paul, the martyrs, and the saviours of the world. But something always goes before a man's stand. What is it? What went before Shammah's stand? No man ever takes a stand by chance. If we dig into the queer words here that are linked up with this man, we may discover some secrets.

First, he was a "Hararite." This means "a mountaineer." It is a fact of history that the men and women brought up near the mountains have always in all countries had a greater loyalty and love of country than any other class of people. The air and the mountains seem to breathe into a man a greater efficiency, a loftier idealism, a greater conception of mightiness, than the plain or the low lands. There seems to be instilled into the body a greater power, into the mind more stamina for standing and resisting the mean and the sordid than anywhere else. There is given a stronger form, greater strength, a marvellous

physique, a tremendous will. Hence, I believe that Shammah possessed a wonderful body, and that there had been wrought into his fibre enormous strength, desperate bravery, and sustained power. I do not know that he was big in form, for my observation tends to make me believe that he was only of fair size. The smaller men have made the best soldiers and the braver men. But he did have a fine spirit in a fine body. This was a great asset.

Second, he was "a Harodite." This must have been his ancestral home. He came from Harod. Sometimes it is worth while knowing where a man comes from. Certain places produce big men and women. We could enumerate a number of states that have done more for this country than others put together. We could give the names of places in these states that have been mighty in influencing the country. But prudence restrains us. What was there in Harod to help a man on to greatness? Here was the place where Gideon had fought his battle with his three hundred men. The tale was still fresh among the people; the story still unfolded at the tables of the people; the glory of it all still animated the youth and held up to them the fact that they must maintain the honour of the place. Under such stimulus Shammah grew and thought and vowed until he played the part of a Gideon inside of his life. He was making himself big on the inside through such food and scenery and stimulation of teaching.

But in the third place, he was the "son of Agee." Sometimes, if we know who the father is, we get

some conception of the son. We heard it said one time at Harvard: "Robert Lincoln, son of his illustrious father, Abraham Lincoln." What cheers and what great emotions! He was proud of his name and heritage, and we were glad to do him honour, for the name he had made, and the name he bore. But Agee! Who was he? He was a "fugitive"—that is what the name means. Shammah then, was the son of a coward. Fine name to give a son! Mighty handicap for a young man! And yet, oftentimes that is just what fathers are doing. They are staining the name they bear, and giving over to their children a heritage of woe and shame that is a millstone about their necks. Let fathers and mothers ponder these things carefully and be careful of the family name! Give the children every chance that belongs to them!

But Shammah made up his mind to wipe out the family disgrace. It rankled in his blood as a boy. His mother appealed to him to do something. He was ashamed of the record. He would, if he ever had a chance, make a record that would give the family standing in that community and a new coat of arms. Many a son has done this. The sons of drunkards, of thieves, of harlots, have seen so much of the bad, and the disgraceful, that they sicken of it, and turn away to the better and the truer of life, make great men and women, and give a new impetus to the family record that clears it and makes it an honour in the land. Thus did Shammah. We can see the desire in him. We can feel with him! He just wanted a chance! God is going to give it to him! He is going to give it to you! Every man

has his chance. How he meets it depends on how he has lived before he comes to it.

What did Shammah stand for? He stood for the bean field of the city; for the poor, the oppressed. He was not fighting for his own glory, or his own preferment, but for others. What honour! What vision! What a great man! Mighty man!

And today there is call for men to dare and stand. There is a rush of Philistine life upon us in many ways. The fields of recreation, safeguarding our children are being rushed by cheap picture shows, pleasure-seeking excursions of the lower type; the fields of business are being seized by fierce, ungodly motives and unrighteous competition; the fields of holy Sabbath meditation, are captured by the sordid money maker. the unholy and often vicious worldling. There is much at stake and the call comes for men who dare to stand in the drift of the hour for the ideals that save the people.

Once there was a cyclone that rushed over a forest. It cut a path nearly three hundred feet wide and all trees were laid low but one. That one stood. How came it to stand? When it was young and began to grow it determined to fit itself for any test of life. It therefore built itself down into the soil of strength, appropriating great boulders and twining its roots about them, running out in all directions for all the sustaining life possible. Overhead it put fibre into its trunk and seized all elements of air and moisture to make itself strong. Thus it came to manhood powerfully built, made ready for the storms and tests that might

be given to it. When the cyclone came, it twisted, and groaned and shook with the hurricane of testing, but it held on and righted itself and stood as a lesson to all thinking men and women.

Today the cyclone of passion, appetite, lust, pleasure, easy-going, careless thinking, Sabbath breaking is upon us. Down goes a father's pet and pride in the storm of passion; down goes a mother's son, the object of her prayers, and yet, only here and there are men and women standing against these drifts. God wants men who dare to stand for the right today!

What came from Shammah's stand? What was in him came out. Life is a process of self-revelation. We are surprised at our weakness; we are surprised at our strength. Every principle must be tested; every thought tried, and what we have been doing will be seen.

"Yon moulder, dealing with the molten iron, who has cunningly shaped his matrix and pours the liquid stuff to take form, is not more surely determining the destiny of his iron than you, as you go down into your business world, are being moulded into shape of character by the things that meet you, the influences that ply you, the choices you make." All will out in the hour of testing!

Shammah won a victory. He was promoted, set over higher things. He became a standard for all men who dare to follow, and gives us a picture of the glorious reward that comes to a man who takes a stand with God and the right.

"And Benaiah, the son of Jehoida, the son of a

valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done mighty deeds, . . . he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." And David set him over his guard. "Benaiah" means "The Man That God Built." He will surely give an account of himself, then. What a fine start he had! Notice, "he was the son of a valiant man." It is a good thing to have such a father and such a family record. When will our fathers realize that every child has the right to a good family name; the right to be well born, and environed! Benaiah had a fine start but he is his father PLUS. He adds to the family name. What joy such a son brings to the father! What sorrow when the boy is his father MINUS! No sadder blow can befall a father. God help the young men to see these things early!

What did Benaiah do? He killed a lion. That was a great deed of bravery. He did not have our modern weapons, only his knife, most likely. His lion was no half tamed, domesticated lion that we see in shows, but a wild, fierce, half starved lion with tremendous fight in him. But he killed him.

We have our lions to kill. They are moral more than physical. Many of our soldiers were able courageously to fight the foe, but could not fight the evil woman, the drink, the gambling, the besetting sin. But when a man says: "I will kill my besetting sin; I will put away this temptation to lust!" he is killing his lion and doing braver work than Benaiah did. Notice the fact that more men have been slain by venereal diseases than by war. Let our war officials

think on these things as well as the other things. I speak as one who was a chaplain in the Spanish war, and as one who has seen these things.

And then there are THE CUBS TO KILL THAT GROW UP INTO LIONS. One of these is "fretting." This will make a hot box in the house, the store, just as much as the sand makes a hot box on the train.

Another is "temper." Temper is good and a part of our makeup, but it must not be allowed to run away with us. Controlled it is like an engine on the track; uncontrolled, it is like an engine flying the track.

Another is "sulkiness." This is like a mule that backs up, and soon kicks. Better "Coo," and avoid the rebound from the kick.

Little sins, excesses on the wrong side of life, are stepping-stones to great sins, and troubles. They grow up into lions after a while. A good motto to put up in our homes and offices would be: "KILL THAT CUB!" It would have a fine suggesting effect. Try it.

In the next place Benaiah killed his lion in a dry well. This was a difficult place. Too close quarters, we might say. But not for this mighty man of David. The fight would be over quicker, and there was no getting away from the matter in hand.

What is our matter in hand? To make a living? No! to glorify God; to witness to His truth; to enhance His kingdom on the earth; to make a life. Hence whatever we may be we must kill the lion of meanness, sin, lust, that comes up against us. We must take our place in the shop and the office, on the street, for God,

and testify to our righteous desires and purposes. It means a great fight to kill your lion in your employer's wicked advances, wicked suggestions; in your relations to fellow clerks and beings, at home and abroad, but you can do it. "There were saints in Caesar's household," who lived the life of Christ and kept sweet and pure. We may have to conquer our lion in a pit of close quarters; close relations; close wickedness, but we can do it. GRIP your weapons! STAND for the field of Christianity! FIGHT for your spiritual life,—the lion in front of you!

Flowers of character can grow in unlooked for places. They can scatter their fragrance and beauty on the mountain tops of lust and power, or in the low lands of profanity and beastliness. The flower of character grows out of your own heart; it develops from within, out.

And Benaiah killed his lion "in the time of snow." It was a cold day then, and the cold added to the numbness of the man and the ferocity of the beast. He might have pleaded a warmer day for the fight, but he did not. He knew that when he jumped in he would be "hot." The way to warm up to the great and splendid is to have a fight to make. "THIS HAS BEEN AN AGE OF ROSE WATER AND CUSHIONS" in the Church. Now we must fight. We don't want to do it. We are cold and indifferent and would like to escape. We must now fight the lion of sin and aggression right at our door. The quicker we get in with ourselves, our money, our prayers, our faith in God, our determination, the better it will be for us and the

world that comes after us. Now it is a fight for the Democracy of the Church against the Autocracy of Evil. We have the leader in Christ who can give us the ideals and plans for winning our campaign. Once we begin the fight, we shall get the warmth that gives us courage and persistency to put righteousness over in our land.

God is thrusting us out into the great world arena. The Church has the power behind her in the Spirit that when incarnated in human lives makes men virile, aggressive, vitalizing and saving. No more denunciation but demonstration; no more sulking but working; no more indifference but enthusiasm; no more fearing but daring. The Lord God of Hosts is with us yet! We see men training, marching, fighting, and we shall win by gripping the Sword of the Spirit, by standing for truth and justice; by killing weakness, sinfulness and worldliness. We will march into the ranks of the Men Who Dare!

VI

THE ATMOSPHERE OF A PERSONALITY

A YOUNG man went to see his sweetheart. He went with the intention of saying something most important to her, but he didn't do it; the reason why, he said: "Was her atmosphere."

We all have an atmosphere. We cannot divest ourselves of it. It is with us wherever we go, or whatever we do. It is like nature's atmosphere, warm or cold, stimulating or freezing, malarial or clarifying life.

In some respects this atmosphere is the most important thing about us. While Theosophists make too much of one's "Aura" and the Occultist claims he can discern one's character by it, most of us do not think enough about it. We all unconsciously feel it whenever we meet a person. There are some people whose presence is like a cloud over the sun, casting a dark shadow; some are like an east wind striking chills into your body; others are like an orchestra off the key, or like a nettle stinging your limbs. There are others who stimulate you like wine; inspire you like love, lift you up like a symphony, drive you on like electricity. One atmosphere helps you to be calm and good, another stirs you to temper and evil.

Here, then, is a mighty unseen force, the electricity of souls. We must learn to use it, to wire it, to control

it wisely. The subtle currents which interpret us must be good, strong, helpful and noble in every respect if our atmosphere objectifies itself correctly.

We are influenced by physical atmospheres. Our form, our body, our face, our hands, our feet, our eyes, our voice, make or unmake people. There is an intangible personal atmosphere which clothes a man's general appearance. Daniel Webster's form on the street always commanded attention and great respect. Every human being possesses an atmosphere quite peculiar to himself which invests and interprets him, and the presence of which others readily detect. This was seen very often in the Christ life.

We are bound together by thought atmospheres. No word is spoken but a subtle telepathy is binding us up; a wireless telephone has connected us, and thoughts come trooping into our life that add to the sum-total of strength, or weakness, inspiration or contamination. We instinctively feel the warm glow of another life and are made happy in the consciousness of it, or we are pained at the shadow that for a moment has come upon us, as we pass like ships in the night.

The thought organism is here, ready to serve us. The ideal is in ourselves, and the impediment also. It is for us to make it great and wholesome, or weak and injurious. Purity, truth and worthy motive in the thoughts, are as essential as finished technique to the highest art. The man who lives below his best, thinks below his best, works below his best, throws out below his best. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." You cannot make your atmosphere other than

your thoughts. It can tone up, and be beneficial, or it can injure and pull down the beauty of life.

The human brain is essentially a battery, and it is connected up with the atmosphere of all things touching it; making a contribution of something in every life.

There is not a moment of existence when we are not under the influence of thought atmosphere. When we enter our homes there comes a change over those within, and we encounter much from them. When we go down the street the influences of life's commerce come; when we enter the church fresh waves of thought power grip us there; when we go to the lodge, the club, the social gathering, the store, the office, the shop, thoughts crowd upon us and affect us there. The world is made so we cannot live unto ourselves. We charge others, and they in turn charge us. We breathe the atmosphere of the place we enter, and we throw out that which we have generated within.

A few years ago Bishop J. H. Vincent gave a most interesting parable. He said: "A man sat in his library on the last day of the year, busily engaged. His little daughter came into the room. The attention of the father was attracted for a moment to her. At first she smiled, and then on her little face a frown gathered; then a look of wonder; then a look of pain, and the child turned to withdraw.

"'What is the matter,' he asked. 'Why do you frown, my child?'

"She said: 'The room seems so close, and I saw a faint blue mist or smoke in the air, and I was afraid.'

"'But the window is wide open, the air is very pure, and the sun is shining brightly,' said her father.

"'I don't know what it was,' the child said, 'but I was frightened at first and could not breathe easily, and you looked so strange, papa. But it is all right now, papa.' And the door closed.

"'It was very curious,' thought the man. 'I wonder what it was. Is she a nervous child?'

"Suddenly a strange Presence appeared and spoke as follows:

"'The child's face and fear should teach you a lesson. For that moment the innocent thing had insight. She saw realities in the invisible atmosphere of the room—realities of motive, of tendency and of character, all of which are created by your own personality. In this room are mightiest energies. The air fills this room. Here is electricity. And the pressure of gravitation is here. And here also is spirit. You are spirit. What you think, what you desire, what you love, what you resolve, what you are—all these are forces that may reveal themselves to sensitive souls in lights and shadows, tints and colours, pressures, repulsions and attractions. What you are is making itself felt. The personal ambition, the unworthy desire, the ungenerous motive, burden and colour the very atmosphere. Sensitive and spiritual natures may detect it, may be influenced by it, helped, hurt by it."

"'It is a solemn thought that by what we are at core we are in influence; that we are making power; that we are letting loose forces in the universe that mar or mould, that weaken or strengthen, and that tear down or build

up. We create currents of influence which remain active forever.'

"And as the angel left him the man trembled because he thought of the selfishness that really controlled his life; of the unworthy things he had thought and spoken and wrought out in deeds and habits. And he felt grieved that the child should have felt the influence of his innermost character, although she could not know anything about the cause of the momentary repulsion that she felt.

"And he bowed before God—in silence at first. And then he prayed for awhile and closed his prayer by saying: 'And may the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.'

"Scarcely had he set himself to his desk when the door opened softly and his child came in. There was a sweet smile on her face as she said: 'How bright the room is, papa! And the air is as if lilies and roses had been blooming here.'

"This is only a parable. But in it is the hiding of a great truth concerning personal character and thought atmosphere. Blessed is the one who can say, with Paul: 'I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'"

Then there is the atmosphere of a presence. In "The Tale of Two Cities," Charles Dickens sets down the things that provoked the French Revolution. There was an unnecessary insolence of the rich, the insulting parade of wealth, a reckless disregard for the life of the poor.

This same thought is brought out in Robert Louis

Stevenson's "The Amateur Emigrant." The writer, Mr. Stevenson, crossed the ocean in the second cabin of an ocean steamer. He spent most of his time in the steerage. He describes the supercilious manner of the saloon cabin passengers. They used to saunter down now and then on a visit of curiosity. Their manner was the occasion of much profanity. Mr. Stevenson said he came to share the common steerage feeling toward the fortunates of the first cabin.

Here is our greatest menace in American life today, the insolent atmosphere of the rich. It creates the material out of which comes our mob spirit, our anarchist tendencies, and seeds of revolution, which some day may be more terrible than that of the French Revolution.

What we need to do in this country is to inculcate the spirit of Forbes Robertson's play, "The Third Floor Back, or the Servant in the House." An atmosphere of interest and kindness of a presence will change the spirit of rebellion to one of unity and co-operation. Spread the presence of good will and thoughtfulness and it will neutralize the poisonous action of condescension and superciliousness.

Note the effect of a presence in the household! The atmosphere into which a baby is introduced has a most powerful effect in moulding its disposition. We all should know that a nervous mother makes a nervous child. A troubled mistress makes a troubled household. There are parents who wear on their children. Daughters improve when they leave the circle of the mother's over-anxiety, and some sons develop faster

when removed from the fathers who irritate them. Our presence makes an atmosphere of tremendous importance! "It is a savour of life unto life or of death unto death."

Note the atmosphere of a noble-minded woman. She enters a room where bad-minded men and women are, where the talk has been perilous, or saturated with a double meaning, which is the first step of corruption, and instantly it seems as if a restraining hand was laid upon all, and her very looks and manner exhale the sanctity of life. Instantly the current of conversation is changed and the atmosphere clarified.

Think of the fast man of society! There is an exhalation of evil about him, which goes before him and announces his coming words and actions. His smile is fascinating, his speech bright and witty, and while there is yet no outward sign of corruption, yet the pure instinctively feel an evil presence is near.

Some strangers that you meet, instantly impress you that they are producers. They make a positive aggressive impression, and you feel their qualification for leadership. Roosevelt's atmosphere was always one of vigour and integrity, and you felt the impress of a man who was doing things. Other persons made a weak, negative impression upon you, and you felt that they were almost failures in life.

The atmosphere of an audience is of great interest in the making or unmaking of a speaker. A score of men in church Sunday morning, loving the Lord Jesus Christ, make a great generator of power for the pastor, and he will be electrified by their buttressed power.

A responsive audience makes a responsive speaker. There is an atmosphere in an audience that makes for the refrigerating business and packs the lecturer away for keeps, so that he is in a torrid mental zone, instead of the tropics of thought. The great speaker is made as much by his audience as he is by his carefully prepared material.

The atmosphere of a clerk or customer is one of great interest to us all, because of the practicality of the subject. Who has not seen an indifferent clerk, heedless of the customer, talking to another clerk and slowly coming forward in a condescending way to wait upon you. How often we have left the store without purchasing as we intended because of discourteous treatment! And how often the customer, bustling, arrogant, supercilious, has left a sting in the heart of a clerk, which makes for red-blooded socialism in our country.

Then again there is the atmosphere of the home. What a change would come over the home, if each member tried to please every other member. What more beautiful spot than a home in which parents and children vie together in work of kindness and good cheer.

There are too many homes directly the opposite of this. You have seen, perhaps, nitro-glycerine factories out in the woods, where men go tip-toeing about for fear some noise or jar would create an explosion. In how many families do mothers and children go tip-toeing around for fear of arousing or crossing a tired and quick-tempered father?

How the home could be changed by the daughter

giving the mother a little more careful consideration! One of the most helpful things about the organization known as the King's Daughters, was the emphasis placed upon the ministry of the home.

How the wrinkles of care could be ironed out by the thoughtfulness of sons in the home! Mother needs that care and caress; that thoughtfulness that lightens her burdens and makes a tonic of joy in her heart. Let the children get away from the March winds, to the June zephyrs, and peace and joy come that lengthen life and give abounding health.

We should move through our homes, like a band of magnificent music, giving out melody and pleasure on all sides. This is the atmosphere that brings sweetness and fills the air of the home with wonderful perfume.

And then, we have the atmosphere of indifference. Some one has said: "We are not preaching heresy so much today, as we are living it." Of the many evils of the hour, the greatest of all in many respects is indifference. We can fight the enemy who will fight; we can overcome obstacles and tunnel through difficulties, but the atmosphere of indifference kills and withers all movements and plans of life.

Paul got the defeat of his life, not at Lystro where he was stoned, for he built a church there; not at Thessalonica, where he was mobbed, for he planted a church there; not at Philippi, where he was beaten with rods and put into the stocks, for he built a church there; not at Corinth and at Ephesus, where he was persecuted, for he built churches there; not at Jerusalem, where he was torn by the mob, for he built a church

there. But it was at Athens, where no violence was shown him, but where they were indifferent.

Indifference is the curse of our land, our business, our churches and our homes. It is the octopus extracting the power from men's brains and spirit and body. It is the brother of self-satisfaction, and is making up the dry rot of many a life. We must arouse ourselves from this monster of ease and sapless energy, and fortify ourselves with the tonic of interest and arousement for all the good things of the kingdom of righteousness.

We must push on into the atmosphere of action. Nature abounds in dynamic and in static forces. The dynamic forces exhibit nature in her violent temper. An electric thunderbolt may give instant death. A cyclone often brings destruction to a community.

But nature does not always move in such terrific majesty. She has her pensive moods. These, in scientific terms, are called her static forces. Gravity, the tremendous astronomic force which holds together the physical universe, is silent in its operation. Light steals upon the world like the going abroad of a spirit. It is more potent than the convulsions of the elements; it is the first condition of life. It is the light of the sun, with its vitalizing energy, that paints the blush upon the apple, the bloom upon the rose and royal purple upon the grape.

There are times that call for men of great dynamic force. Out of this necessity came Luther, Cromwell, Beecher, Wendell Phillips and Marshal Foch. These men are the product of the whirlwind and the storm. They are the leaders of great movements.

There is another class of men in whom the static elements predominate. Such were Lincoln, Emerson, Phillips Brooks and now President Wilson. They are the companions of the quiet hour, when the soul would rise above the temporal, and fix its gaze upon eternal truth. They are seers in action.

The dynamic and the static force appear in varying proportions in every human soul. The dynamic force in nature answers to that influence which man exerts by voluntary, conscious effort. The static force answers to that influence which is exerted unconsciously. Man achieves certain results by a positive exercise of his will; but his greater influence proceeds, not from what he does, but from what he is. Man moves his fellows consciously by his achievements and unconsciously by his character.

"Character is a static force. It shines by its own inner and spiritual light. Genuine worth is self-revealing. It is the secret of leadership. Without flourish of trumpets such persons give evidence that they are ordained by the Almighty to stand for a principle."

"It is said that Michael Angelo when at work placed a lighted candle on his cap, that his shadow might not fall upon his work. How the shadows of self mar the pictures that we try to paint! How they obscure the angel which we try to chisel from the block of marble! How selfishness dwarfs the character!"

Unconscious influence is so truly the reflection of character, it is strange that men so often deceive themselves in trying to deceive others. No man ever inspired confidence by persistently trying to raise himself by his

own boot-straps. He "doth protest too much." He really passes for what he is worth, and there can be no luck in this moral equation.

By your unobtrusive and uncompromising loyalty to truth, in store and street, by which you show to men that business and religion are synonymous; by that patient and self-sacrificing gentleness whereby you may charge the atmosphere of your home with the spirit that dwelt in the breast of Christ who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and by the linking in the young lives of the schoolroom, or in the nursery with that young Boy's life that was lived beyond the hills of Galilee so long ago; by the simple singing at the cradle-side some echo of the angel's hymn concerning the Saviour which is Christ the Lord, you may throw out an atmosphere of action that shall fling its benediction through many generations. Let our atmosphere transmit and interpret the Christ life, then it can be said of us: "He never trafficked in the false commerce of a truth unfelt."

There is the atmosphere of suggestion. We are in need of the best; we often get the poorest. Constructive suggestion is the goal of magnificent achievement. A great writer has said: "The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can."

If we study the art of Rubens, we shall see the definite influence exerted upon him by two women of different temperaments. His first wife was a woman of culture and refinement and exerted upon the artist an influence of wholesome restraint. It was during her life that he painted his great masterpiece: "The Descent from

the Cross." Four years after her death he married Helen Fourment. He chose her from the middle classes, so she would not blush to see him handle a brush of paint. The effect upon his art, every one knows. His wife appears, clothed or nude, as saint or courtesan.

An artist one time presented an Oxford undergraduate with an engraving of Hoffman's Christ. "Hang this in your room," he said, "and it will banish the ballet girls and the jockeys."

Destructive suggestion has its most terrible atmosphere in the bad, sensual, evil records of the press, picture shows, bill-boards and manners of evildoers. A lifting of the eyes; a slight tossing of the head; a slight movement of the mouth, tells the story of evil atmosphere that makes for the downfall of many a person in this world.

There is the atmosphere of a voice. It is as important as the face in telling the secret of its owner's life. Character analysis can most always be made from the hearing of the voice in its daily tasks. The high pitched voice; the scolding voice; the whining voice; the rough voice, tells the story of the life behind it. How quickly such a voice can stir the household, the office, the shop, the neighbourhood! The atmosphere can become charged quickly with a coming tempest, that may be cyclonic in its effects.

How much there is in the pleasant tone! The habit of gentle speech may be acquired as readily and quickly as the habit of nagging, or scolding, and what a difference it makes in the family, the shop, the store! Watch

the atmosphere of your voice! It is the forerunner of all good, or all evil.

Then, there is the atmosphere of speech. A word is a wonderful thing. Christ was called the "Word," —communicating—hence words are spirit and life. A word is a bridge that connects one mind with another, or a window through which one mind looks into another. It has great potentialities in it. It may soothe, inspire, educate and give the potency of life. It may kindle passion, stir anger, lead to murder and make hell out of life. It has calmed the mob spirit, as when Garfield used it, saying: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

"Life and death are in the power of speech." Tell no tales, for a secret confided is usually a secret told. Repeat no rumour; tell no scandal; give out no gossip. "If a man among you seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain."

"Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds;
You can't do that when you are flying words.
Things that we think, may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

One more new club should be organized to foil the Ananias Club. Let us call it: "The Take Heed Club," and this shall be the legend on its seal: "I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue." This means that you will make an atmosphere of speech that tells no dark-lined story, or repeats anything that harms. Cauterize your speech, if need be, but don't

defile it. Let it be the atmosphere of all wholesomeness and goodness.

During the recent world war, when a band of young soldiers were taking the train to go away, and all felt one of life's high moments, a man said: "All the same, when they step aboard a transport for France, they can kiss themselves good-bye."

It would be well alongside of the above incident to think of another that occurred during the South African War. A telegram was received from Ladysmith saying: "A civilian has been sentenced by a court-martial to a year's imprisonment for causing despondency." The trial brought out the fact that the man would walk about and make discouraging remarks to the men on duty. Had he appeared bearing arms as a foe, he could have been recognized and shot. But he was not an open enemy, just a discourager.

Another incident tells us that a young Frenchman was decorated not for great heroism in battle, nor special achievement in arms, but because he was the man who had constantly encouraged the troops. Such a man meant as much to his comrades as an additional battery. His speech had an arousing, stimulating atmosphere that helped them to go over the top.

Then there is the atmosphere of example. "They are all doing it," has been the cry in many quarters that spelled disaster in many a life. The American soldier set a magnificent example when he refused any longer to go with the crowd, and retreat before the German army, but went forward in a great counter-attack which turned the tide of the war for the Allies. Our atmos-

phere through example is sending many backward in morals and ideals instead of forward. And yet, here and there some royal souls are moving out into the vanguard of mighty movements for the inculcating of fine ideals of home and society.

Irving Bacheller has given us a very interesting story of a business man of a little town who sends his daughter, Lizzie, to a very fashionable, expensive finishing school. To keep up with Lizzie, his rival sends his boy to the most expensive university. In order to keep up with their children, one father borrows money to build a home, and the other mortgages his home for an automobile. Both raise the price of groceries again and again. "It costs so much to live, you know."

All the other girls in town try to keep up with the girl, and the other boys try to keep up with the boy. Their fathers and mothers try to keep up with their children, and the whole town goes mad with climbing, greed and jealousy. The men are on the verge of bankruptcy; the women are on the verge of despair, and all because of trying "to keep up with Lizzie." It is the boy and the girl that get a true vision of affairs and turn over a new leaf, and by a new atmosphere of example change the condition of affairs in their little town.

And how about the force of example in our midst? Today through example there is a tendency to abandon religion for morality. There is a feeling that our relations to our fellow-men are more important than our relations to God. Hence more young men and

women are seeking the social service order than the ministry or the missionary work of the Church.

There is a tendency through example to abandon worship for "culture." The effect of college and university education today is to lessen faith and bow to culture. The Bible has become to many "a book of antediluvian fables," the surrender of the spirit to God as Father, to Christ as Saviour, to the Holy Ghost as Sanctifier and the necessity of the new birth, are "thoughts of other days," and culture is now substituted for the work of the Spirit.

Correct creed is a matter of small importance alongside of correct conduct. If a man's heart is right his doctrine need not be too minutely looked into. But it is generally true that if a man's creed is defective, his conduct will soon be the same.

To evolve, we must first of all involve the Christ life, the Christ Truth, the Christ Gospel, the Christ Book. Paul gives us the true example when he says: "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove, what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Some old professors are worth heeding today.

Now is the time to create a militant atmosphere. Now is the time to act; the time to score; the time to speak. The literature of denunciation has become a drug on the market. But the man who will lead the way to strong militant action, to a fine Christian atmosphere for the Church, the business world, for society, is wanted. Moses the man of peace, must now give

way to Elijah. Christianity began as a fighting religion. It came as a fire and a sword, and with judgment. It must not pass through a transition that robs it of its spirit of aggressiveness, and makes it conform to the world. It must place its Christ at the head of every enterprise; its Church before every lodge, club and social gathering; its service before all men, and challenge the world to a contest for the supremacy of mankind.

VII

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE MIND

"BE ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," is a concise statement of the chemistry of the mind found in the Bible. "The key to every man is his thoughts," is Emersonian philosophy, and "Thoughts are things," is the cry of up-to-date science. "As the lamp to the electric current; as the flame to the fire; as the sunbeam to the sun; as the Word of God to the Spirit of God, so is the body to the mind, and the mind to the spirit."

The chemist to produce a certain effect, puts together by precise weight or measurement certain materials. There is no uncertainty about it; he knows what will result from the combination. Some of the effects are very mild, a little effervescence; some are most startling, explosive in power and destructive in effect.

The mind is a chemist and produces many results from its thinking combinations. Some of these are constructive; some of them are destructive. "Thoughts are causative. Everything we do is first done mentally. It is not possible for acts to be done in any other way than as a result of our thinking. We are the husbandmen of our own moral harvests, the sculptors of our own lives, the painters of our own characters, the makers

of our own destinies," and the builders of our own bodies.

One of the leading scientists of our country declares that the tiny cell, which is the unit of all organisms, is an embodied bit of mind. If this is true, then we must use the mind for making the body strong, and the mind can do it, because to get life and power to the thinking cell, is to make it do the most effective work for the body.

"Mind is the Master power that moulds and makes.
And Man is Mind, and evermore he takes
The tool of Thought and shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills.
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass,
Environment is but his looking glass."

Paul's great solicitude is for the inner man. If he can only get that strengthened he feels that all is to be well. And he is right. The inner man is the metropolis, the capital; all the states take their tone from there. If there be health in the capital, there will be health in the state. If there be health in the mind, there will be health in the body. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." This does not mean that a single thought transforms a man, but it does mean that prevailing states of mind register themselves bodily and morally in man. Paul gives a great philosophy and a modern one, when he says: "Whatsoever things are just, true, pure, honourable, and are of good report, think on these things." That is, "pasture your mind on them just as you send your cow into

the clover field when you want her to give good milk." Morbid conditions of mind mean after awhile, morbid conditions of body; healthful conditions of mind, mean healthful conditions of body. The body is apt to be the general expression of past thinking.

Mental vaccine then makes a heaven or a hell, for the body. Thought gave Milton his "Paradise" and Dante his "Hell." By the habit of thinking, then, we make or unmake ourselves. Whatsoever we think, chemicalizes into lights or shadows; into harmonies or discords; into strength or weakness; into health or disease.

Thought, then, rules us physically. In the Word we read: "As I thought, so it came to pass." The whole world then, was a thought first in the mind of God. "Things first were thoughts," we are told. This world is the materialization of the mind of God. And the body of man, to a great extent, is the materialization and chemicalization of the mind of man.

"As the plant springs from the seed, so every part of man's physical power springs from the hidden seed of thought in his mind." As the house, the chair, the automobile, had its origin in the mind of man first, so our body is made strong or weak by our thinking. In the armoury of our thought we forge the weapons by which we destroy our physical efficiency, or fashion the tools by which we build ourselves strong and grand; a temple in which the spirit is to dwell.

"Good thoughts and actions can never produce bad results. Bad thoughts and actions can never produce good results. Nothing can come from corn but corn;

nothing from nettles but nettles." If we will give more attention to inward thinking, we will get much better outward conduct of body. The effects of health do not begin in the chemistry of the body, but in the laboratory of the mind.

Disease and health, like circumstances, are rooted in thought. Sickly, weakly thoughts, will express themselves through a sick and weak body. If you would protect your body, guard your mind. If you would renew your body, renew your mind.

Every cell gets a life or death impulse from every thought that enters the mind, for we tend to grow to the image of that which we think about most and love the best. Our body is really our moods, convictions, thoughts, objectified, made visible to the eye. Bodies are thought-builded and thought-destroyed.

It should be said that the influence of the mind over the body is not absolute, for if it was, every time you expected to die, you would die, and every time you expected to get well, you would get well. Thus, one might commit suicide by a mental state. God has safeguarded us here. It is our habitual thinking and not our occasional thinking, that makes or unmakes us in life.

It is being discovered also today that good thinking makes curative remedies within one's self. Some physicians are claiming that the body has the power of natural diagnosis, and that when disease impends, special antidotal ferments are formed and thrown into the circulation to counteract the threatening conditions of the body. They also claim that the only curative drugs are those of the body's own making. This is

only another way of admitting the work of the mind in the body, through chemicalized mental serums.

In many desolate parts of the deserts of our country we come upon beautiful palms, springing out of rocky soil. They have beauty and stand as sentinels of nature's possibilities where no deciduous tree can live. They are "endogens"—they grow from within. Their life sap is not found in a thin layer of external bark, exposed to injury of fire and heat, but their fibre is from the heart, and here they get their nourishment.

"Within are the issues of life." Here is our greatest source of life and power. The without does have power over us, but not so much as the power within. This power within we can control and make big with coming results of life.

In your thinking, as far as possible, think health and strength for your physical needs. To think weakness and disease, is to attract these to you, for you go the way you face with your mind. Whenever you desire and resolve for health, you take a step towards it, and are coming nearer the goal you seek. Try and think health more than disease, and you are bound to bring about the favourable conditions that make for strength and health.

Religious teaching has been apt to ignore the body. This has been a mistake. Memory and conscience are no more a divine gift than are the muscles. It is as wicked to sin against the stomach as it is to sin against the judgment. It is as much a matter of duty to keep the blood pure as it is the imagination.

A cross man is an ungodly man. Surliness is one

form of impiety. Now, when a man's nerves are on fire with neuralgia, his muscles wrung with rheumatism, his stomach possessed with the devil of dyspepsia, he is in a strait-jacket of temptation. Evil has him at a disadvantage. He fights against odds.

I sometimes think it is almost scriptural to say that if some men do not change their course, that their bodies will rise up in the judgment and condemn them. It will tell of its wrongs; how it was cramped and pinched and misused. It will tell how it was overworked; how it was burnt with fevers that might have been avoided, and flung into great cauldrons of lust and passion. It is scriptural to say: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Thought rules us mentally. We are mind more than body. And the library is greater than the kitchen, the worker than the instrument, the player than the organ, the mind than the body. Every man owes it to his mind to accord it as much thought and care as his body. If you go to the market-place to select the best that can be found there for the body—why not as much for the mind? It is the mind that gives the body its best service and happiness. It is the mind that is enlarging the man.

We know that the eye has been lengthened by the telescope; the ear by the telephone; the foot by the auto; thought by the wireless, and the spirit by telepathy. No matter which way we look, we see that man

has been enlarged by the appliances of his mind. Well does Browning say:

> "O Thou . . . as represented here to me
> In such conception as my soul allows.
> Under Thy measureless, my atom width!
> Man's mind, what is it but a convex glass
> Wherein are gathered all the scattered points
> Picked out of the immensity of sky,
> To reunite there, be our heaven for earth,
> Our known unknown, our God revealed to man?"

All realize that the human mind has hidden chambers and unexplored regions of tremendous value. Diamonds of thought scintillation are there; the gold of utility is there; the iron of strength is there; the currency of circulation is there. It has never been adequately worked or mined. But concentrated, arousing thoughts; earnest, drilling attention will mine this treasure for us. Continued mining brings forth new things. We bring into our presence, or we go into the presence of whatever we fix our thoughts upon. To think definitely, clearly, is to transform, is to build.

To change the figure, our thoughts are like roots which reach out in every direction into the mental soil of all life, all energy and all power. They bring the vigour of new life from all directions.

We must be careful what we think and where we think. For thoughts do different things. They gave our fathers freedom, our neighbours serfdom. They gave Luther his liberty, Guiteau (Garfield's murderer)

his death. Our mental powers give us what we command them.

> "And good may ever conquer ill,
> Health walk where pain has trod;
> As a man thinketh, so is he;
> Rise, then, and think with God."

It is realized that the mind that functions well in life, has several elements that ought to be noted. It desires to know, to feel, and must resolve. Knowing is discerning, collecting, classifying and systematizing what it gets. Feeling is the motive power that makes for expression and action is working out the light, the power within, into outward forms of value to the world's need. Thought by itself makes no poet, no writer, no worker of value. Put into action, it has increasing value of utility. From these functions of the mind to feel, to think, to will, we get certain practical hints as to what we must do with our mind.

Command attention! Command the faculties to give heed to your desires. Let them focus their thought upon the goal to be reached. This fixes the mind upon a certain thing, and superficial thinking goes, and all thoughts are ripened and stimulated for the forward movement of the mind. As long as there is lawlessness within, the output cannot be worth much. Too often our forces within are fighting each other from lack of unity, and this inner antagonism is the source of failure. When most of man's vitality is used to put down a riot in his mind, he is at a disadvantage in all his thought and work, and is in confusion of plan.

Attention begins the building process of our mental mansion. It sees the material; directs the faculties to begin operations, and lays the foundation of all mental success.

Command concentration! It is the secret of brain building as related to the intellect. Concentration is engraving more deeply upon the mind the thoughts which we desire to emergé from it clear and distinct. It is underscoring the thing we desire to emphasize.

The tree gets its strength for development from within; its material from which it builds its form, from without. And concentration is an organized centre in the mind of man, which is bringing together the powers therein, and fusing them together, making the power that lights, fuses and drives the machinery of the mental faculties at full speed.

It takes time! Yes, but that should not discourage us. To train a steed takes time; to prepare for a race requires hard practice; to become an expert in thinking, requires repeated concentration. The brain cells respond to such kind of work and give back greater dividends.

The trouble with most men is that their mental geography is wrong; their mental movement is slow, eddying aimlessly about in the stream of life. They are mental tramps, and therefore only get mental handouts. They have no mental destination, and they therefore have no mental rewards. Such need a new "menticulture." Concentration is more intensive farming of the mind.

Command expression! Through expression of the

mind we are assembling the elements of creation into the forms of materialization. And our expression must be good to get good forms. Everything in the world that is called evil is simply the answering of the universe to wrong thinking; to wrong expression. Thinking must be good in order to create the good expression of life.

"Have you ever stopped to think how thoughts feel inside your mind? Some are satisfying as bread; some fiery as pepper; some refreshing as water; some heady as wine; some explosive as powder; some nauseating as mustard water. In the mind's storehouse every thought must be kept sweet and clean, if we do not want to breed the gastritis of expression. The most important thing to me is the weather in my mind."

Every day ought to see us expressing our thoughts in work that is preceded by a period of intense, original, constructive thought. Such work will do as much for the mind, as physical exercise every day will do for the body. Expression is giving your best to the world. It is singing, talking, writing, working yourself out into form for the world's good. There is no value to anything, until it is given expression.

Iron ore is cheap, and has no great value until collected, melted and run into form of some kind. Then it is worth much. If into steel rails, it is worth many dollars per ton. But the same ore run into watch springs, is worth a number of million dollars a ton. Man's mind run into the activity of expression has an inestimable value.

If you would express a good body, you must have a

good mind. If you would express strong culture, fine business ability, you must get the thought first. "The oak sleeps in the acorn; the bird waits in the egg;" the engine lies in the ore; the house lies in the tree; and in the mind, lies the achievement of all that is best and greatest in the world of progress and solidarity. If you should tie a cord to every factory, farm, shop, store, railway, college, ship, aeroplane, submarine and movement of the age, it would take you back to the mind.

Spiritual thought opens a man's mind to the skies. There is given us an inner thought, that we may have a mighty outer interpretation. The thought can be taken up into spiritual air, and get divine illumination, and be able to give us a twenty-third Psalm, and a thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

We are told that just a few hours before the birth, there is a fully formed brain, but it does not think; a pair of fully formed lungs, but they do not breathe; a fully formed heart, but it does not beat. They are all waiting for the kiss of another world, that will rush into the lungs and inflate them, close the little trap in the wall of the heart, and start up the circulation and presently the little brain sees and hears, thinks and acts. And the mind of man is waiting the kiss of the spiritual in order that it may find its true glory and power of expression in the world.

The body may be well developed, and the mind may be cultivated up to dignity and power; but if the heart or spirit be unsanctified, misdirected, all education and all physical development may be wrongly used. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." "As he thinketh in

his heart so is he." So thought makes the spiritual life also. Until the spirit is touched we are only scratching the surface of life. Jesus impeaches all other philosophy with absolute judgment when He says: "From within, out of the hearts of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness."

You cannot journey toward heaven when you think toward hell, and you cannot journey toward hell when you think toward heaven. As long as Israel thought toward Canaan, she marched toward Canaan. When she thought toward Egypt and the flesh pots, she wandered in the wilderness. The man who thinks toward his flesh, will get a sensual life, and the man who thinks toward spiritual life, will get spiritual life.

The scandal of science today is the neglect of the study of the spiritual. Men are investigating everything in the universe to the last detail, except their own spirit. "We have just as much reason for believing in the spirit as in the body and mind. All we know of either is the phenomena they exhibit. Through the eyes we get light and colour; through the ears we get sound; through the nostrils we get odour; through the tongue, taste, and through the fingers, touch and resistance. From all these we know of the existence of matter. For the same reason, we know about the mind. It analyses, makes distinctions, reasons, constructs, wills and directs. In the same way we argue for the spirit. It has conscience; it knows the difference between right and wrong; it feels the truth; it is

moved by the reading of the Bible. All these find your spirit."

Man is a spirit. All else is secondary and incidental. "We know that the material world has only a phenomenal reality—that it exists only because you, I, exist and God exists. It has no being in itself. Our poor material brains have been evolved in the midst of things, and therefore we think things, shapes, solids, are realities. The reality is YOU. Seize the reality, act on it, assume its power, and the mountains will stand aside."

"The human mind, gazing on its own imperfect image, reproduces and multiplies countless expressions of its own type." But man turning to his spirit and gazing upon the perfect image, reproduces spirit power. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," or in other words, whether to turn to human thoughts and conditions that bring decay and weakness in the end, or to the true and real that brings perfect health and life in God. "Keep the spirit on top," is the keynote to successful achieving in life.

As long as we direct our attention to objects of sense, we are looking downward, not upwards. By handling things the right way, we can turn them from the wrong way. By handling the serpent, Moses turned it into a staff. We must watch the lawlessness of the mind. Just as the filthy impurity in the water can be removed by the science of chemistry, so the filthiness of the mind can be cleansed by right thinking.

"By making use of the spirit mind, we create a nucleus, which is no sooner created than it begins to

exercise an attractive force, drawing to itself material of a like character with its own, and if this process is allowed to go on, it will continue until an external form corresponding to the nature of the nucleus comes out into manifestation on the plane of the conscious mind."

We must not forget the best side of our ancestry. On the side of our mother, Nature, we have the abode of the flesh, and the flesh is weak. But in our Father, we have a pedigree of spirit which is older than the mountains, the stars or the universe. We have come from good stock; we are scions of a noble house, and prayer and communion with our Father, will ditch and irrigate any great worldly alkali plains of the mind with the Water of Life, and new life and fruitage will be ours.

We need the help of the spirit to get the exaltation that precedes the revelation; and we must have the revelation, to get the manifestation and the demonstration.

The divinity then, that shapes our end is our thought. Thoughts are not mere harmless, intangible entities; they are secret forces and hidden motor powers. They assume form and substance and appear in words and generate actions, and actions establish habits, and habits establish character. "Right conduct as a constant practice, right living as a fine art, right foundations for the abiding satisfaction of life, right results in the moral and religious arithmetic of life, must all start, continue and end in right thinking."

The linear measure of right is that which is straight. The right thing is the straight thing. The right thought

is the straight thought. The wrong thing is the *wrung* thing. The wrong thought is the *wrung* thought. That which is crooked, distorted, out of line, out of God's straight line can never be used in right thinking.

The source of right thinking is not in literature, science, art or religion. Things are not sources of thought. They may be the means, or the vehicles of thoughts. God is the source of right thinking. To think right we must commune with God. That mind will get clearness which lives under the beatitude of Christ, which says: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and which also has the injunction of Paul: "Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

VIII

THE MAJESTY OF CONSCIENCE

THE one great religion of the world is conscience. No one denies its relation to their creed. It makes the only unity of religion. Here we all meet, and agree that there is a conscience in our system of truth.

Hawthorne, Shakespeare, Hugo, Eliot and other writers have given us searching, profound, arousing stories on the scourgings of conscience. "The Scarlet Letter," "Macbeth," "Romola" and "Les Misérables" are all vivid portrayals of this nemesis in man.

Open the Bible, and you will not find the word conscience used in the Old Testament, but its workings are seen there. Adam and Eve were driven into their hiding-place by the lashing of conscience. Cain was goaded by it and said: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." It caused the brethren of Joseph to say: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." It was conscience that called those wonderful words of humility from David, when he said: "Have mercy upon me, O God. . . . Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin."

In the New Testament we have the word conscience twenty-nine times. Paul uses it twenty-six times and Peter three times. Nearly every phase of the work of

conscience is given to us by these two men. It is also expressed by John in the words: "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And Jesus expressed it when He said: "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" But Paul gives us a very good definition of it when he says: "They show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness and their thoughts one with another accusing or else excusing them."

What is conscience? It comes from "con" and "scire," to know together with one's self. Break the word in two and you have first of all "science." What is science? Knowledge. Attach the "con." What have you now? "Con," is significant of associated fellowship. Where "con" is, there is no isolation. Conscience, is knowledge with; it is the fellowship of intelligences, it is the relationship of pupil and teacher; man and God.

"Conscience then, is a medium in personality through which is transmitted to the soul the moral judgment and imperative of God." Conscience has been called: "God in man," "the eye of the soul," "the taste of the soul." Milton said it was "God's secretary in man," while Beecher called it "a detective in man's soul." But Wesley does better when he says: "Conscience is a faculty or power implanted by God in the soul by which every man perceives what is right or wrong in his own heart or life, in his temper, thoughts, words or actions." This goes to the root of the matter, in that it names God in association with conscience.

Hold to the fact, that conscience is supreme. "No

condition can depose, nor bars bolt it out. It is able to pierce through an armed battalion, make discordant the sweetest music, tear off any mask and dash every smile from the face. It asks no authority, but is itself authority. Its accusations are never noisy, but always terrible. It plants a girdle of thorns about a man's heart and holds it there. All the opiates in the world cannot quiet it." It will speak and man knows its voice.

Herod, who had John the Baptist beheaded, knew what Kant meant when he said: "Two things fill me with ever-increasing wonder and awe, the more I ponder them; the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me."

"Conscience, in some awful, silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their power,
Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despised, at least not kept;
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past, sinful joys;
All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,
And life abused, and not to be suborned;
Mark these, she says; these summoned from afar,
Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;
There find a Judge inexorably just,
And perish there, as all presumption must."

Conscience then means self-knowledge. Just as at the top of the great hills of Italy are to be found chapels for worship, so in the heights of every fully endowed man, there is an instinct of obligation, or sense of responsibility which points to a personal God.

The highest aim of man should be to keep this self-consciousness, as a support of strength for himself. It is like keeping the prow of the vessel toward the polar star; regulating the watch with the sun; testing the life with the words of Christ. If a man maintain his self-respect, it matters little what his outward circumstances may be. Garfield once said: "I am determined to be at peace with the man with whom I am obliged to sleep at night." And the young physician was right when he said: "I cannot do it. I must live with myself."

"There is something sublime in these purposes. It means moral kingship. On the other hand to be at war with self, just to live a life which is a perpetual lie, to be all the while brooding over secret infamy seasoned with outward respectability; to have continually to put the world off the scent; to mix sugar with poison; to watch over every tone; not even to have a countenance of one's own, what can be harder, more like hell?"

Paul arose through the exercise of conscience to deliverance from the offence of conscience. He was a persecutor of the early Church who verily thought he ought to do many things against Christianity. He himself teaches us that he needed pardon, but that mercy was shown him because of ignorance. He did immense mischief while his judgment was not corrected. But he exercised conscience until he arose above the laws of casuistry into the full stature of the manhood that is in Christ Jesus.

Joseph Cook says: "Conscience is your magnetic

needle; reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all. Which is more important in the high seas of passion, the needle Conscience or the chart Reason? We know that it was the discovery of the physical needle that made navigation possible on the high seas; and loyalty to the spiritual magnetic needle alone makes navigation safe on the spiritual seas. When we find a needle in man through which flow magnetic currents and courses of right, we know there is in the needle something that is not of it. It is conscience. Give me a Lincoln, and I will trust a nation's welfare to him. Give me a Lord Bacon, and no purpose of doing the best he knows, and I dare not trust him."

Now, conscience is not a law, but a faculty; not the decision pronounced in a case, but the faculty which pronounces the decision. Thus is it with conscience. If this is so, then you see at once that just as the judge is capable of instruction so is the conscience. Did not Paul hale men and women to prison; compel them to blaspheme, and even sear his hands with blood, while conscience approved the deed? But when his conscience was educated, instructed, he became a different man.

Conscience has been compared to a clock and the law of God to the sun. The clock is right only when it keeps time with the sun. So it is with conscience. It is a safe guide when educated by the Word of God and the Spirit of God.

We are accustomed to say that conscience has something divine in it; and that which is divine does not mislead us. But we must also say that conscience is not infallible; it is erring. What effect Adam's fall had upon conscience is not fully known. But we do know that when a costly mercurial barometer falls from its support, no scientist longer trusts its indications as to the atmosphere. It is still a barometer and still responds in a measure to the weight of an approaching storm, but it has not absolute accuracy.

Even so with conscience. Is not this what Paul means when he speaks of a "weak conscience"? Now a weak conscience is not a healthy conscience. It is not standard. What crimes have been committed through a weak conscience! And the Bible speaks of a "defiled, blunted, blinded and fallen conscience." So we have scriptural warrant for saying that the conscience may be seared as with a hot iron, and cannot be trusted always, if ever, by itself.

In the middle of the Androscoggin River in Maine, there was an island, and on it there lived a hermit. One night, many years ago, twenty savages were sailing down to surprise him and put him to death. The legend says that he put a light below the deadly Lewiston Falls that were just beyond his island. The Indians thinking the torch was in his hut, rowed toward the light, and all of them were precipitated to death. The Indians were in one sense right: they wanted to land where the light was; but the light was not in the hut but below the falls. It is important to know what is true, and the education of the Bible can only guide us aright. "There

is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and that light we must have.

If we are going to submit a matter to the conscience, it is of the utmost importance that we examine the tribunal itself. Is the court capable? Is it just and true? When we go to conscience, it should be to a holy place. When we hear the voice of conscience, it should have the voice of God in it. This can only come when we have been into the holy of holies with God and been taught by Him. The conscience is educated by the saving power of Christ, by devotion, by illumination of the Spirit and by listening to God. The vision of Paul rectified the moral judgment of Paul.

We must not defile the conscience. Take the water of some of our rivers that flow through the great cities. It is not much better than a magnified sewer, dark and sickening in loathsome odours. If you should see the river at its sources, it would be clear, sweet and good to drink. But between the source and the goal, dye works and manufactories have poured out polluting refuse and as a result, the water in spite of its original quality has become tainted.

And so with this divine faculty, conscience. There are those who compel conscience to live in a bad atmosphere, rank with vice and lust. No conscience can retain its vigour in such surroundings. It cannot be trusted in its work. No true man wants his daughter to grow up in a defiling atmosphere. His experience tells him that she will be ruined and despoiled of her right of living justly and nobly in this world. Why defile the conscience that is within you? It means de-

basement; dethroning the king of life and putting an usurper in his place, who brings destruction to the whole kingdom within and without.

Forget not that conscience can be stifled. If one disobeys it, presently God withdraws His grace and the cry of that voice becomes feebler and feebler until it is scarcely heard. Habits of sin and a persistent deafness to God's grace deaden the voice of conscience and woe to that man who sins grievously without any remorse. Let him fear what God says: "I will deliver them up to the desires of their heart"; as He had said: "Henceforth, O Conscience, trouble them not; let them wallow in their iniquity until their days be ended, and I will cut them down and they will know that I am the Lord God who hates iniquity and loves justice."

Here is the truth of George Eliot's story of "Romola." Tito is brought forth as a gifted youth. Being an orphan he is adopted by a Greek scholar, who gave him all the gifts possible. Setting out for travel in foreign countries, one night the ship was overtaken by brigands, and Tito alone escaped by leaping overboard with precious jewels in his belt, expecting if he escaped to come back and ransom his foster father. After arriving at Florence he stifled his conscience as to his father with the thought he was dead and it was of no use to seek him. He won the heart and hand of Romola and had a place of high renown among the people of the city. But the stifled conscience began to lead him into other escapades and he moved on toward his ruin. When the keystone goes from the arch, the structure falls. One day the foster father,

a captive arrived in the city, and escaping his guards, met Tito face to face. Tito disowned him, refused to help him. Acts accumulated fast until one day Tito, taking the rest of the jewels that remained, planned to leave the city and all behind him. Coming to the bridge he was seized and to save himself threw away his belt of jewels, crying: "There is money!" and in the confusion, jumped into the river and struck out down the stream for safety. Being wearied with his long swim and seeing no pursuit he came up to the bank, only to be confronted by his nemesis, his father, who had watched it all from the bank and who had run along beside the river. Tito exhausted threw himself upon the bank, and the old man leaped upon him, bore him to the ground and choked him to death. Too late he awoke to the fact that ours is a world in which nature and God cannot afford to permit sin to prosper. "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death."

This teaches us that in conscience lies the whole hope of self-respect, and in self-respect lies the hope of all government. No bad man can maintain his self-respect. A man can be poor, ignorant, unsuccessful and yet respect himself. A good man can excuse faults of intellect, judgment and decision, but he cannot excuse the outrage of conscience. I must keep my self-respect, and if I do this I must keep my conscience. It must not be drowned out or crowded out; I must give it a chance to utter its wisdom and direction.

If it pays to go over the machine in careful inspection before making a trip in the air to cross the Atlantic, and make sure of all, so as to avoid wreck, so I must

go over the machinery of conscience to make sure that it is doing its work perfectly.

And the medium between me and God must not be impaired. What a calamity to have the telescope out of repair! What dangers if the radio does not work properly! But greater the disaster when conscience is deadened, benumbed, and is given no respect by the mechanician!

It is also conscience that keeps a man sensitive to the law that makes for the life of the spirit. Conscience demands that the first and fundamental consideration of any cause should be a moral one. The question for a moral man is not one of expediency, or convenience, or propriety, but always one of right. When any other question is put to the fore, man thrusts away his conscience and heads for the rocks of disaster.

He who enters into the depths of his conscience, and there muses, pacing to and fro, is more likely to meet God, and to understand the best and greatest quest of life. He who fastens his attention on the uppermost ranges of law will understand the lower, into which the upper sink down with supreme power. If a man wants to get the temperature of his body, he uses a thermometer; if he wants to know the pureness of his blood, he has a blood test. And conscience is the self-registering thermometer of the mind of man.

The man who will not keep his conscience clear to law of right, and who does not dare to move out and forward because of the enemies he may make, will find sterner words than these written of him which Browning has given to the world.

"Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to men, one more insult to God!"

Self-respect is the hope of our citizenship. All good governments originate in conscience and all good government has its primal support in conscience. It makes a citizen that will stand for the right. The most dangerous man in our life today, is the man who cares more for the respect of the other man than he does for himself. When a delegation called on Lord Macaulay at one time with a proposition which he could not approve, during the campaign he was making for election to Parliament, he said: "Gentlemen, it is not at all essential that I go to Parliament, but it is absolutely essential that I maintain my self-respect."

The woe pronounced on a man when all men speak well of him is peculiarly appropriate for us today. There are movements running today that cut square across the desires of some men. Such movements challenge men. To avoid them because they are not popular with everybody is to play the coward and to be false to conscience. The heroic appears in any man when he is faithful to that better man within him. It is not the hero of the hour who earns the place in history. It is the hero of a career, long and hard. His name may be known and may not be known. And the stuff that puts fibre into a man is made by conscience. He may be a Roosevelt fighting the machine, or some sentinel pacing steadily through peril all about him. Con-

science is the only power that will keep the faith in a man. It is far better to have men in power who have little intellect and sensitive to right, than men in power who have great intellect and no conscience. But best of all is it when men in power have both conscience and intellect. This gives us the great man.

This indicates that one of the uses of conscience is to bring men up to their best. When an artist finds his colour sense jaded, he uses the sapphire or ruby to bring his tints up to perfection. When the captain at sea is uncertain as to his whereabouts, he takes his calculations. When the pilot of the aeroplane wants to equalize his ship, he uses the stabilizer, and when sin has soiled our instruments, dulled our perception, conscience comes in to freshen the ideals and smite vice and vulgarity and lead into the paths of honesty and virtue.

Another use of conscience is that it will remind us what we have done, and meet us in unexpected places of life. Hugo tells of a band of marauders who, in a former century, made their living by disposing heirs whose relatives wished them set aside without themselves incurring the guilt of murder. In one instance they took the son of a peer supposedly at the instigation of a king. A hideous operation was performed upon the tender face of the child, whose cheeks were cut so that the mouth appeared to reach to the ears. The boy was thereby put beyond the possibility of recognition. So irresistible was the sight of him that he became known as "The Laughing Man." It suited this wicked gang one day to leave this child in a deso-

late place on the English coast while they embarked under cover of the darkness for France. But a storm came up on the sea. The cargo was thrown overboard. The ship was lightened by casting away every weight. As death looked them in the face some one cried out: "Is there nothing else we can throw overboard?" Then the doctor who had performed the operation on the child, said: "Yes, one thing more, our crime."

But they could not throw it overboard. It would never forsake them; it would always be with them to remind them of what they had done. This was the condition of the brethren of Joseph; it is the condition of every wrongdoer—conscience will remind us what we have done. "While we continue to be spiritual individualities, we must keep company with the plan of our natures." "So long as man is man the moral faculty is supreme. So long as God is God right will be right, wrong will be wrong and Herod will tremble at every face that appears at the window; at every footfall coming down the hall of the palace. When you can expel light from the sunbeam and leave it still sunshine, then, and not till then, can you exterminate conscience from the soul, without changing man's spiritual nature. You can take away man's sight, his hearing, his limbs, his arms, but one thing you touch at your peril, and that is God's angel that keeps the gate of man's soul named conscience."

Conscience was made to be your friend. It may upbraid, and denounce you, but it is your friend, advising, directing you to your best. It is the sworn foe of sin. It is a danger signal, sounding an alarm. It is like the

fabulous ring given to a prince, which always pricked him when he was about to do wrong. Tired of its constant admonitions, at last he threw it away, and thus deprived of his monitor was himself soon destroyed by evil.

All the things we have said thus far, go to prove that conscience is verified by our experiences. Have we a conscience? We have proven that. You know that somewhere you have sinned. It was in secret; it was an act and no one knew it. It was buried in your heart; your exterior gave no sign of it. And yet, it burned like a cancer. You tried to forget it. But it haunted you, and was with you all the time. There is not one of us but what has conscience verified by experience.

You have seen paintings of persons whose eyes followed you wherever you were in the room. It is thus that those smitten with guilt, feel; the eyes of conscience are upon them. You read now and then of money being anonymously received by the government. It is conscience money.

It was conscience that made Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables" go to Arras and confess that he was the real culprit and thus save an innocent man from going to the galleys.

It was conscience in Arthur Dimmesdale in the story of "The Scarlet Letter," that made him confess on the platform his sin, when he might have fled in safety.

It was conscience that made the English judge, after he had passed upon the case of a young man, a servant, who had slain his master, hidden his body, and

with a bag of gold fled the city, arise and take off his robes and wig, and stepping into the prisoner's box confess that he in his youth had done almost the same thing, and he desired to make expiation for his crime.

THE OFF TRAIL

Oh, the off trail's broad at the fork of the road,
And the off trail's smooth where the paths divide;
There is youth's free laugh and youth's light load,
And the sun glows bright while off we ride;
And we laughed at the boys who held to the right,
Who needs must crawl toward the beacon light.

But for every mile on the off trail
There's three we must trace again;
For every hour on the off trail,
There's three with scars of pain.

Oh, we rode the off trail hard and fast,
With the fruit of desire our goal and goad,
Nor noted the deadwood flashing past,
As we sped afar up the roughened road—
Till we came at last to the unbridged streams
Whose banks are spumed with the ashes of dreams.

And for every mile of the off trail,
We faced the three again;
For every hour on our off trail,
Were three with scars of pain.

Oh, the off trail's rough near the end of the road,
And the hills grow high when the paths divide;
And the faces are grave as we shoulder the load,
Tho' the Hills of God gleam high at the side;

And we climbed at last the way God meant,
O'er the Hills of Hope to the Vale of Content.

But for every mile of the off trail,
We bled the three again;
For every joy of the off trail,
We're triply scarred with pain.

—Elmer E. House.

The Majesty of Conscience is here! But there is also one Mighty to save! There is one who can subdue the pangs of conscience. Peter sets before us the steps and the way. "Repent ye, therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

Alfred Tennyson pictures Richard the Lion-Hearted, imprisoned in a castle above the Danube, and describes the wanderings of a minstrel boy who goes from country to country and from castle to castle and plays upon his flute until at last he sees the signal waved by Richard from an iron grating in a castle tower. The faithful youth goes and comes back with gold. One night he bribes the keeper at the gate. By a ruse he binds the jailer and gags his tongue. He finds his prince, and lifting him upon his shoulder he bears the fainting man across the bridge to the edge of the forest. When the prince faints he revives him with wine; when he falls, he carries him over the dangerous passes; when the prince sinks, he swims for both; when the prince sickens in the forest he carries the leaves into the cave and nurses him through the fever, and makes his body

to be a door and shield at the entrance to the cave. At last he leads him forth across the threshold of his own castle and gives him a throne.

This is a wonderful story of deliverance. But it is nothing compared to the story of the Christ, who delivers man from sin. Man may have lost his Eden but he can have his Paradise. He may have fallen, but he may rise; he may be judged, but he can have a pardon. No child but what can find the gate of hope open. Blessed are they who enter in, for they shall find peace.

IX

DAMAGED GOODS

WE are not writing about the play of Eugene Brieux or the novel of Upton Sinclair, when we talk on the subject of "damaged goods," interesting and fascinating as they may be, but upon the reality, as seen in life about us. "Truth is stranger than fiction," and we would talk about truth.

We stand aghast at the damaging of a fine automobile, a fine vase or a piece of beautiful silk, a beautiful mansion, a masterpiece painting, but why not wake up to the damage of human beings on all sides of us!

There goes an old man along the streets of my home city, with distorted, beastly face, watched by the police, disliked by the debauchee, scorned by the prodigal. He was once an attorney-general in a great eastern state; he is now a piece of "damaged goods."

He was a fine college man, and stood high in society; he sowed his wild oats, but finally married a beautiful, pure woman in my church, and a few months later, there came a baby boy—but "damaged goods."

She was a beautiful girl, and had many admirers, but found the wrong "set," and now she is "damaged goods."

Who wants to buy damaged goods? Who likes to see them? Who is not glad to get rid of them, if they

find them on their hands? So much is true in our materials, our automobiles, our animals, our possessions. Who does not like blooded stock, fine homes and "quality clothes"? What care and attention along these lines, and what fine results! But have we not been "penny wise and pound foolish," in not giving care to our body; to our mind; to the development of our children? Here is our biggest asset; our greatest reward!

There is a picture in Paris called "The Decadence of the Romans." A hall is filled with revellers. A youth, with a wreath upon his head, is perched upon a pedestal. Another, leering, is holding a dripping goblet to the marble lips of a statue. From the face of the youth, all traces of Roman dignity have gone. They are in striking contrast with the noble features of the statues which fringe the hall; but they are like the faces of many a Paris youth. The painter found his models in that famous city.

What about the decadence of the Americans! We have improved our cities, but weakened our manhood; we have wondrous clothes, hats and shoes, but deaden the moral sense of our womanhood; we have quantity, but lost our quality; we have speed, but more disasters; we have "fun," but have lost our vision; we have all kinds of food, but have impaired digestion; we have more freedom, but less morality. Some of our degenerate sons sneer at the hardihood of their fathers. But young men who get rotten before they get ripe; who spend much contemplation on the width of their shoe, the colour of their necktie, the cut of their hair,

might be a good picture of our decadence today. It is also to be noted that some of our daughters sneer at the modesty and teachings of their mothers. But dealers and users of cosmetics, embroiderers of morals, often become advertisers of "damaged goods."

We laugh at the sturdy souls of the past and pity them in their isolation and lack of modern "frills." But they were not "damaged goods." They had fine bodies, clear minds, mighty convictions, and a great grip upon the moralities of life. They were worthy sires and dames, and gave their children a fine start in life. The contrast is not in our favour. They were cleaner in body, stronger in originality, sweeter of spirit and developers of great states and communities.

There is the value of heredity. One of the best known facts is the likeness of a child to its parents. Sometimes it is like the father; other times, like the mother. This likeness is more than in physical aspect. It may be in music, art, medicine or law. These traits can be seen in national characteristics, such as English, French, German, Chinese or American. "Every child is the sum of the physical and mental gifts that once were distributed among its ancestors, but at birth are swept together and compacted in a single life."

But the working of this law takes us into the shadows. Not only are habits and manners inherited, but physical defects, diseases, taints of blood as well. An insurance company wants to know your family history. Has there been cancer, consumption, insanity in it? What does this mean? It means that we do not come into this world with a clean slate. In the cells and nerves are

written the character of parents and grandparents. "The fathers eat sour grapes, but it is the teeth of the children that are set on edge."

Dr. Von Schaefer, a famous German scientist, made a visit to beer drinking Munich, to see what was the matter "mit den Kindern," and to ascertain what effect beer drinking was having on the offspring of those who drink it. After eight years, he announced as a result of his observation that seventy-two per cent of children born in that city were physically or mentally deficient. At a later date he made a similar experiment in Maine and found that seventy-one and a half per cent of the children born in that state were sound in body and mind.

Still illustrating our case, take five men, distinguished as being heads of corporations, banks, holding government positions, yet moderate drinkers. Of their eighteen sons, only one made a success in life. Most of them died before they were thirty-five, and only one of them reached the age of fifty. All used liquor somewhat, and their children are weak; most of them have died.

We must not forget that we are cashing in our unborn children, when as young men and women we sow the wild oats of youth. The feeble-minded have increased in this country more than five hundred per cent in the last sixty years. It is well for our Christian women to remember "that the greatest *love of the finest woman in the world cannot reform the germ plasm of an hereditary drunkard," or a sower of wild oats.*

Where is the justice of all this? Well, if the evil

is transmitted, so is the good. In physical weakness, if a bias toward evil is transmitted, so is physical strength and a disposition toward virtue given.

In the early days of New England, when the blood was pure and strong, the Tuttle family of Northampton, Massachusetts, produced within one century, nearly one hundred physicians, more than one hundred lawyers, one hundred and twenty clergymen, forty college professors and presidents, several of our greatest writers and one vice-president. The Emersons, the Lowells, the Beechers, the Cabots, the Adamses and Fields, all, illustrate this great fact.

By the law of heredity the most valuable life comes to us. While it ordains that the fearful ravages of sin shall be sent down from generation to generation, it also ordains that each generation shall inherit the accumulated experiences, blessings and advantages of the past.

Evil and good are not equal in power. The good is more potent, longer lived. It is the property of evil that it burns itself out quickly. While heredity may determine the character of our temptations, it does not control our destiny. We can by the grace of God help to work out a better salvation.

We have also learned from experience that "damaged goods" come to us from the sowing of wild oats. Some think that a young man who is doing this, is getting rid of so much "bile," and when ejected will leave the body purified and better. There is a condoning of such action by society, in a muffled statement: "He is sowing his wild oats now, but later he will be all right."

He will not be all right. We dare to say to him: "Sow your wild oats if you will, but remember, that 'God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'" A man cannot live in a stye and come out clean.

Let us not soften matters here by indirect manner of speech, or camouflaging it. The French have the phrase "Fille de joie" to express the "woman of the street." We call certain liberties of the hour "joy-riding," and yet rugged, hideous reality of sin goes on with all this, and our young people go down under it all to an awful death of illness and mockery, that has its final reaping.

The world is now learning why so many children have come into the world with blindness; why the bride has to go to the hospital soon after her marriage or is turned into a hopeless invalid. "Today there are many young wives and babes who die through caresses, having unconsciously in one hour passed over the fatal line between health and corruption, between life and death." The time has come when a careful physical examination and a blood test should be given each man or woman who desires to marry. It has been estimated that ninety-five per cent of marriage-borne infection would be stopped by examining the male party alone. There is no doubt from experiences already made that a blood test would have a deterrent effect on wild oats that would save many from being "damaged goods."

"Few of us go far on the journey of life without learning the turbulent nature of the crew with which we have to deal within. Many appetites and impulses

are within, which may have sailed with previous generations with those who gave them license. We must nail the hatches firmly down and keep these riotous desires below the decks, while we stand securely at the wheel, our eye upon the needle of God's clear commands."

"Everything today is fanning these fires, which are already too hot within our natures. Our literature is reeking with evil suggestion. Our stage is full of it. Our pictorial art is smeared. You cannot turn in any direction, from yonder poster board down to yonder post card store, without seeing it. It is everywhere. The dress of women is intensely suggestive! Her face lures; her paint speaks of the unreality of her nature. And so the flame of fire is gathering fury, and our youth are withered and burned."

Knowledge is needed! We must face the fact that we are living in a world whose largest and most impenetrable mystery is the mystery of the sex instinct! There is no doubt but what God has fixed here among the stars a world where the supreme function is the function of begetting. Look across the field of nature, and you discover from the lowest to the highest of nature the rush toward pro-creation. A million fish will sweep up the river, and die, after the supreme function is accomplished.

"Man, too, is in this vast mysterious current. There is not any force like it. Talk of gravity, talk of electricity! This awful force which runs in the blood is more potent and more ominous and more to be feared than the avalanche's movement, than the fury of tem-

pests, than all the blighting effects of miasma and fatal bacteria!"

Let man master this great power! Let him be supreme over it, and it will give back to the world the power that brings its greatest glory and achievement. Let the woman be taught that she is not only a co-creator, but that her body is the channel through which posterity must pass and that the channel must be kept pure.

It is important that we prize the value of our creative forces, and keep them at their best for life and production. "Seed is concentrated vitality." It must be preserved, not wasted. Youthful excesses in seed chemicalized, mean an arrested development, and later imperfect offspring. Virility conserved and transmuted means power and life and force of character. Abuse of sex functions is one of the chief causes of degeneracy.

"There is an impression abroad that sex relations are necessary, for physical necessity demands it, custom justifies it, perverted desires impel it, and the movements and sights of the day and night excite to it. But all these do not make it right or best for the race. You say, again, 'It is natural.' Which man do you believe in, Darwin's man or God's man? The evolved brute or the involved spirit? We are a long way from God's man today." We are "damaged goods."

Love is not license. Marriage is natural. The desire for companionship of the opposite sex is written by the law of God. And the proper association of the sexes is essential to the best of life. There is no doubt that

the attachment of home, children and loved ones, all tend to form an anchor to the very best in life. But a woman's love is a delicate flower and grows gracefully and blooms beautifully under the sunlight of pure love. It cannot endure harsh treatment; it is quickly withered by the heat of passion, and chilled quickly by the frosts of neglect.

Let a wife know that she can come to her husband at any time in the fondness of true love, without exciting his carnal nature, and she would come more often. Few wives are queens of their own persons. In many a home love is nothing more than legalized lust.

Into the child life of the home should go the very best of creative forces. But how many children are well born? Only a few. Most children have their origin in uncontrolled desire, and were not really wanted. Such children come into the world handicapped and often prove to be "damaged goods."

No married woman, with good health, should refuse to do her part in the functioning of human life. Statistics prove that men and women who marry and have children live longer and are less liable to disease than men and women who do not marry and do not have children. Whoever, being able, refuses to have a child, takes a great responsibility, for that shattered life strain, sacred survival of the ages, may be necessary to one of God's high purposes. There might be born another Lincoln! Another Frances Willard! Who knows?

Today there is a social pace that is manufacturing "damaged goods." The pace among young women is too fast. They are often lacking in modesty, and are

too familiar with young men. They do not hesitate to call young men up and ask them to take them out to this and that. They want the best and lots of excitement with it. They are often daring in manner and bold in approach.

"There is too much sex-complaisance among our working women, office women, artistic and literary women, also among pleasure-seeking, more or less widowed or divorced women, also among some that are not divorced." Sex-indulgence is indulged in for good clothes, good times, good friendship and now and then, for real love.

Love in a cottage has become a myth and living within one's means is thrown to the winds, and a fast pace is acquired through installment houses and credit systems. After a little while the honeymoon is over, the trouble begins, men are driven to desperation, and homes become anything but a heaven. Motherhood is disdained and all sorts of desperate means are taken to avoid the same. Too often the result is separation and divorce.

The men are even worse in their social life. They are "out with the boys"; "in with the girls"; lacking in morals. They seek the company of this young lady and that, but if they cannot be tempted to wrongdoing after once or twice going to the theatre, they do not come back again, but seek the girl who is not too particular to wrongdoing. "If sex-complaisance were withheld for six months, half the unmarried women in the country would be married. Alas! Women have never been willing to practise this sex solidarity. They

have never realized that when one woman enters into irregular relations with unmarried men she is stealing the possible husband of another woman, she is warring against her own sex."

The middle-aged man is often as bad, if not worse than the young man. With more money and prestige, wife ill, and surly, home ties are forgotten, some younger woman slips into the limelight, and for the money in it, the young woman makes "an old fool" believe that he never knew what love was before. If conscience speaks, he drowns it with the thought: "They all do it," "my wife does not appreciate me" and "I have no one that cares for me." The old Babylonian lust and high life; the old Roman days have been eclipsed by the men of the twentieth century.

And today there is a haste and a rush that is damaging life in a most terrible way. David Swing in an essay before the Chicago Literary Club, closed with these words: "Over almost everything save our virtues, there might be written the condemnation: 'too much.'" Medical Science says we eat too much; Herbert Spencer dared to claim that we read too much. There are others who claim that we dress too much; doctor too much; drink too much; go too much. Overdoing has become an epidemic. Everything is pushed. Boys and girls are pushed through schools; chickens are hatched by electricity; wheat is sold before it is in the ground; and land is sold before the water has been drained from it. Even death is in a hurry, and instead of lingering along with the ailments of the fathers, we succumb to apoplexy and heart failure. We are our own worst

enemies. In spite of warning words, we go right ahead eating our food in haste, and repenting at leisure.

The engineer watches the semaphore; the pedestrian watches the policemen, the skater watches the danger signal; the autoist watches the crossing bell; we should watch the signs of our bodies, minds and hearts. A sick body indicates sick thoughts; a wandering mind reveals lack of concentration; a tugging heart reveals a lack of harmony with God. A slower pace, with more thoughtfulness to the demands of our being, will get us there with better results. Even our older people have caught the fever of bustle and excitement and lament that they are old and wish for the elixir of youth, and seek every new science and medicine that promises the same to them. The old men want to marry the young women, and the old women would marry the young men. It is a merry pace that has been set in the old world of today.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," as told by Nathaniel Hawthorne has a most wholesome lesson for us in these days. He told four of his friends, Colonel Killigrew, Medbourne, Gascoigne, three old men, wrecks of time, and the Widow Wycherly, who had been a gay beauty a half century earlier that a friend of his had discovered Ponce de Leon's fabled "Fountain of Youth," and had sent some to him. He would be glad to have them try it, if they so desired. "All of you," he said, "are welcome to as much of this fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, I will watch the experiment."

"Before you drink," he urged, "it would be well,

with the experiences of a lifetime to direct you to draw up rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. With your peculiar advantages you should become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all young people."

They drank greedily, avidly, glass after glass of the liquid. And as they drank, they grew young. Feebleness, wrinkles, weariness, fell away from them, to be replaced by glowing youth. The four stared at one another in amazement. They were no longer three aged men, they were three handsome young men and a dashing, beautiful girl.

Instantly the three men were making violent love to the beautiful young woman who flirted gaily with them. They began to quarrel with each other over her smiles, and finally the romp became a fight. The precious jar of life was overturned in the scramble and its contents sank unheeded into the floor.

The doctor broke their orgy by exclaiming over their appearance. They looked at one another; into their scared faces old age was once more creeping. All the jar of water was spilled and lost. Its virtues were only transient. The doctor had omitted to explain that to them. "Yes, friends," said the doctor sadly, "you are old again. And the Water of Youth is all lavished upon the ground, I bemoan it not. For if the Fountain gushed at my very doorstep I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it. No, though the delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson you have taught me."

There is a well of water springing up into eternal

life, which it is well for all to partake, and to make haste to secure the same. Let us haste in the right direction—toward truth and God, and we shall find the elixir of youth.

There is a grasp today upon the material things that is damaging the sweeter, the better nature of men and women. A young man took a friend out for an automobile ride and as he went on he said: "My motto is 'Get there First!'" A good motto, you say? Yes, but this man was willing to run over people in order to reach his goal first.

And is not this the spirit of the hour? "Get there!" someway, somehow, it matters not, if you only get there. There is a great exhilaration in this speed and determination. But there is also an atrophy to the best powers of one's life. Conscience loses its fine edge, and the best emotions are hardened and become insensitive to all fine discernment.

In Watts' "Mammon," there is a great, pompous figure in scarlet and gold. His face is fat and sightless. Brutal hands and feet are resting carelessly on the godlike figure of youth. The bloated materialistic presence has the ears of an ass, indicating that he is powerful, but imbecile. Such is the picture of the materialist, who makes life a pursuit wholly for gain.

The supreme question for modern civilization is the formation of character. Of what use are our material advancements if they leave only a dismal emptiness within? Of what use carrying people at sixty miles an hour if they are fools when they get there? Of what use our latest telegraphy if it flings across the world no

better news than commercial frauds, social intrigues, or the follies of the rich, and the discontent of the poor? Of what use picture shows, if they throw upon the screen the low and the sensuous? Of what use is our money if it leads us into extravagant living, unholy orgies and the flaunting of things that only gold can buy? Of what use to build great schoolhouses, if we train the children only to be clever, to be sensual—to thieve better, to lie more plausibly—to live more unholy. And material gain that is not first and foremost a training for character is only a preparation for villainy's more effectual service.

We must weigh the whole journey of life, all the needs of the body, mind and spirit, if we are not to be only damaged goods at the end of the journey.

Then, too, we are damaging ourselves by our own malpractice. We have no right to think of the bad, the defective side of life. To do so is to weaken our own ability and our contribution of good to the world's advancement. "A man's foes are those of his own household." To think weakly, is to act weakly. Criminals are mental criminals first. A young man said he wanted to do things that were impossible to others, and as he went by a rich man's house, he tried to think out different ways of entering the house at night, until he finally attempted it.

"Every ugly thing told to yourself will remain like splinters in the flesh to torture you all your life long." Every good thing given yourself will remain in the mind to inspire and demonstrate the best of all good for yourself.

No one can damage yourself as much as yourself. You may be your own greatest evil, and you can be your own greatest good. "It is a law that no power can injure a person who is resolutely living the true, honest life. Bad thoughts may swarm around you, but they cannot get in, until you are bad in thought." You are able to say to the whole world: "The king may not be disturbed in his castle, and I am that king."

We can damage others by our thought of evil and sin. To hold another in anger, hate and jealousy, is sheer mental malpractice and will not only injure him, but us more. Every ugly thing you tell a child, every fright you give him will remain to weaken him forever. Every bad damaging thought you send out in any way, is adding to the sum of evil; is damaging the human world; is adding to the sum-total of weakness and misery.

When Kipling's Tomlinson stood before St. Peter, seeking admission into heaven, he was asked what were his grounds for admission: "What had he done for the sake of man?" He told what he had seen, and heard, and thought, but the guardian of the gate interrupted him with the challenge:

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought, and the race is yet to run,
By the worth of the body that once ye had; give answer
What ha' ye done?"

We have lived a part of our life, perhaps nearly all of it. Are we "damaged goods?" There is hope for us. There is One, and One only who can remake

us. One who can repair the damage in us and make possible a life of power and goodness. It is the Christ, the Son of God, Saviour of men.

One of the most remarkable stories I ever read was "John Norton's Christmas," by W. H. H. Murray. This and other books of this author, were written to prove that a man could write a most interesting novel and not have a woman in it.

John Norton would keep one Christmas, and so he wrote an invitation and put it in the woods, and it read thus: "Any Man or Animal that be in Want of Victuals or Garments is invited to come on Christmas Day, which be Next Week Thursday—Without Furder Axin' to John Norton's Cabin on Long Lake, to eat Christmas Dinner. Vagabonds included in this Invite."

The men came from all directions, and all were having a merry time, when there came a knock at the door. The old trapper said: "Come in, whoe'er ye be; ye be welcome ef ye be a little late." And there entered a sturdy fellow of swarthy skin, full whiskered, eyes as black as night, and in his face could be seen the impress of unmistakable power. It was Shanty Jim, who had that very day stolen from the old trapper's traps, as he had many times before.

"Do you know that I am a thief?" said the newcomer, with a directness that was startling.

"I've conceited ye was," answered the trapper, calmly.

"Do you know what brought me here?" asked the man.

"I can't conceit, onless the sperit of the Lord."

"The spirit of the Lord had nothing to do with it," said the other fiercely. "I didn't care about your invitation until I saw 'vagabonds included in this invite.' When I read that, old man, my breath left me and I stood and stared at the letters on that bark as a devil might gaze at a pardon signed with the seal of the Almighty, for in my hand was a trap that bore the stamp 'J. N.' and the skin of an otter I had taken from the trap. Standing there in the snow with the stolen skin and trap in my hand, I realized what I was and what John Norton was and the difference between him and myself. I went to the tree where the bark that bore the blessed letters was nailed. I took it down from the tree; I placed it next my bosom, and I buttoned my coat above it and, thus resting upon my heart, I bore it to my shanty. I saw more than the words written on the bark, John Norton. For looking at it I saw all my past life and the evil of it and what a scoundrel I had become, and I said, when the sun comes I will rise and go to the man who wrote those words and tell him what they did for me. And here I am, a vagabond who has accepted your invitation to spend Christmas with you, and here in this pack are the skins and the traps I have stolen from you, and I ask your forgiveness and that you may take my hand in proof of it, that I may come to your table feeling that I am a man, and a vagabond no longer."

"Heart and hand be yours, now and forever, Shanty Jim," cried the trapper, joyfully; and rising from his chair, he met the outstretched hand of the repentant

vagabond with his own hearty grasp. "And may the Lord be with you evermore."

"John Norton," said the man, "you have called me Shanty Jim, and that is well, for in the woods here that is my name, but in the city where I lived and whence I fled,—fled because of my misdeeds years ago, I have another name, a name of power and wealth and honour for more than two centuries. There I have a home, and in that home sits tonight my aged father and white-haired mother. I am going back to them clothed in my right mind."

This man remade himself, and became worthy of the confidence and great forgiveness of the old trapper.

This story is but a feeble picture of Christ, who receives us and makes possible a life of light where there had been darkness, strength where there had been weakness, life where there had been death, wholesome quality where before there had been "damaged goods."

X

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONDUCT

THE hope of man is not in any system of industry, or form of government, or fraternal organization, or political power, or pull, or education, but in conduct. Here is the big word of the hour; here is the secret of life; here the destiny of man.

The trouble with life today, does not lie in the industrial system, in the form of government, in creed, but it lies in human nature. The trouble is not in outward forms, but in inward character. "The wrong is not in public theory, but in private practice. The evil is not in special crime, but individual sin. As long as selfishness is the ruling factor in human conduct, there will be an under man and an upper man in society, whether it be in a socialistic Utopia or in some form of competitive reality."

My quarrel is not with dynamite, but with the conduct of the assassin who uses it to explode a mine. Dynamite is a good thing under a Hell Gate in New York harbour. My quarrel is not with the glittering steel, but with the conduct of the murderer who plunges it into the heart of his victim. The steel is a valuable thing in the skilful surgeon's hand. My quarrel is not with money, but with the conduct of the banker who steals it from the common labourer who puts his

trust in his advice. Money is valuable when used in legitimate ways of trade.

"Eucken, some years before the war, declared that there is probably more antipathy against religion today, and a more widespread and popular denial of it than has ever been the case before. Since the war, these charges are reiterated more than ever." I am sure that these charges are not against religion itself, but against the conduct of its followers.

"In the wood the dead trees stand
Dead and living, hand to hand.
Being winter, who can tell
Which is sick and which is well?
Standing upright day by day
Sullenly their hearts decay
Till a wise wind lays them low
Prostrate—empty—then we know.

"So through the forests of the street
Men stand dead upon their feet
Corpses without epitaph;
God withholds His wind of wrath,
So we greet them with a smile
Dead and doomed a weary while,
Only sometimes through their eyes
We can see the worm that plies."

We have acquired the thought that our Father would weigh us by the dollars we have; by the social heights we have attained; by the house we live in; by the degrees we have won; by the churches we sustain; by now and then a seeming respect paid unto others. But all this is not so. We have had the wrong thought; the

wrong perspective; the wrong ideal. We have looked at things, instead of the conduct of life. We need to live the Christian life, rather than wear its livery. Conduct is now the need of the hour! Where shall we find its ideal and its practice?

There are masters in the world who have won their place, and they stand revising, correcting and pointing out the way of real achievement. Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, point the way in music. Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, indicate the method for successful painting. Lowell, Longfellow, give inspiration for poetry. Christ shows the way of conduct.

Paul had his conduct in one sentence: "For me to live is Christ." This was the secret of his great, world-influencing life. Many exist, few live. Living and existing are two different things. All who breathe; all who sleep; all who work, exist. But to live is to have some earnest purpose in your life that runs into mighty conduct; is to have a great ideal surging through your thoughts, that expresses itself in conduct.

A college president while visiting Japan a few years ago was accosted by a Chinese coolie, who was helping to load a ship. He said: "Come buy cargo?" and the man shook his head, but smiled. The coolie accosted him a second time: "Come see country?" and again the American shook his head. Coming back again, the third time he spoke and said: "Spec' die soon?" And with a laugh, the wise man said: "No," but he had been given one of the greatest lectures of his life. In these three statements he discovered that all the philosophy and conduct of life was to be found.

A great majority of the world's people are here to see the country. They have no special aim or purpose. They are mere spectators, looking down upon the great stage of life, interested in the tragedy going on, but making no contribution to the direct solving of life's problems. Their conduct is irritating and not soothing.

Another class of people are here for their health. They just live and have no ambition to give, but desire to take. They would have the world wait upon them and they give no adequate return for the waiting or the living. Their conduct is not even patronizing but demanding.

The third class of people are here for business. What kind of business? The business of the world; the business of making money; the business of helping humanity? The business of the King? All are legitimate but some are more important, more valuable. Our business should be the place where the Christ conduct should be exemplified. Here is the solution of the problems that are facing us today, on every hand. Christian conduct will solve all problems of life, justly and magnificently for all humanity. The Psychology of Conduct stands for certain definite things. What are they?

Conduct stands first for idealization. The ideal must come first. To have the thing in the mind is to begin to have it in conduct. As we think, we are. Dwight L. Moody wanted a school at Northfield. He got the ideal, and then came the reality. When we pray for a thing we create the thing we pray for.

One time an aged man got on a train in a certain city; after awhile the train stopped at another city and a younger man got on and coming down the aisle sat down with the older man. After the train started, he began a conversation with the other man. He said: "Going very far?" "I am going to Lawson," said he. "Going down to commencement?" asked the other. "No, I am not going down to commencement," he replied. "I beg your pardon, sir, I did not mean to intrude upon your business, but I knew it was commencement week down there, and I was going for that purpose, so I thought you were also." The old man replied: "I am not going down to the commencement, but I am going down to see the college. I used to live there, and I have not been back for thirty-eight years, and I thought before I died I would like to see the place where I was born and brought up. And then, to tell the truth, I wanted to build the college that was built there a few years ago." "You did?" asked the other. "Yes, sir. You see I had gathered together a goodly sum of money and intended when I had one hundred thousand dollars to start in and build the college. But I only had sixty thousand dollars when it was all swept away in an unfortunate investment and I had to leave the city, and I have never been able to get much money since." "Well, now," said the other, "this is strange. I am the man who built the college and gave three million dollars to make it possible and here I fall in with you, the man who wanted to do it but could not." "Well, sir, I congratulate you that you were able to do it." "Well, sir! I congratulate myself that I fell

in with the man that wanted to do it. Now tonight we dedicate a new building and I have the address; I want you to be there and hear it and when it is over, I want to talk with you and get your advice as to what you might think was best for the future of the college." "Well, sir, I did not think of going in anywhere tonight, but I will come."

The younger man gave him his card and asked him to give it to the usher at the door, saying: "That will get you a reserved seat."

That night the old man was there, and the other man was up on the platform, delivering his address. He read every bit of it, and after he had turned over the last page of his manuscript and was through he stepped out and said: "Friends that is all that I have written, but I want to tell you a story and then I am through. Thirty-eight years ago, an orphan boy came into your city on a cold February day. He had run away from a place where he had been abused. Some one gave him something to eat at noon. But no one wanted to take him in and when night came on he had no place to stay and he had nothing given him to eat. He was driven out of two saloons and he tried to stop some persons, while asking for money and help, but no one gave heed to him. At last in sheer desperation he rushed out of a hallway where he had taken shelter and rushing up to a man, he said: 'Mister, you would not help a little boy, would you, who has no place to sleep and has nothing to eat. It is so cold, sir, I am afraid I'll freeze tonight,' 'Well,' the man replied, 'you do look hungry and cold, but you have come to a tough customer. I

haven't got much myself. But come along, I won't let a boy like you stay out a night like this.'

"He took the boy to his room and going out to the bakery he came back with plenty of food and fed the boy. Then he asked the boy about himself, and the boy told him all that he knew, which was not very much. Then the man scratched his head and said: 'I don't know what to do with you, my boy. I am leaving the place myself tomorrow morning for the great city, to start in for myself. But I'll tell you what I will do I will take you to the city with me and put you into an institution there for boys and you shall have a chance. It will cost me half of my worldly goods, but you are going to have your chance. Now we will get to bed, for we must be away early in the morning.'

"So they made ready for bed. Then the man called the boy over to him, and they knelt in prayer. And the man said: 'Lord Jesus, I am sorry that I have failed to build the college and to get the money. Now this little boy has come into my life, and I am going to take him to the city tomorrow; watch over him, and keep him, and may he grow up to be a good man, and Lord, if he should ever come to a place in his life where he should make a lot of money, let him build the college. Hear me for thy sake, Amen.'

"The next morning the two were away to the city, and the boy was put into the institution and he grew up to manhood and after awhile began to make money. Everything seemed to come his way. When he had become fairly well to do one night he thought of the

man's prayer, and he decided then to come down here and build the college. Now you know I was that boy. You have given me the credit of being the founder of this college but I am not. The man who made that prayer, is the real founder of this college, and he is here tonight, and I want now to introduce him to you."

Speaking thus, he leaped off the platform and came over to the seat where the old man sat trembling, with tears in his eyes and said: "Come, Mr. LaCrosse, I want them to see you now." And the old man said: "I do not believe I can go up there, sir, this is so sudden." But the other gently put his hand in the old man's hand and pulled him up, and they came upon the platform together. As they faced the audience that was in tears, the young man said: "Now cheer him, boys! Cheer him!" And how they cheered. When they were through, he said to the old man: "Tell them what is in your heart, Mr. LaCrosse." And the old man sobbed out: "I didn't know it was coming out this way! I didn't know it was coming out this way! But thank God, that I made that prayer, and that I live to see this day!"

Idealization summons you to think; to get the vision, that you may create the conduct that brings the victory. No man is greater than his ideal. To get idealization, is to take your place with the great anointed men of the past, for the work that God can do through you. Let idealization come and you have the anointing for a masterful career that finds its expression in noble conduct.

Given the atmosphere of a country, you can determine the nature of its fauna and flora. Given the ideals of a community, a nation, you can ascertain the character of its citizenship.

Generally we wed our conduct to our ideals. Look at the history of important movements and see how true this statement is. "Who led the barons of Runnymede when they wrested from King John the charter of liberty? An English Bishop. Who headed the peasants in securing rights that belonged to them under the Magna Charta? A priest, John Ball. Who refused absolution to Lorenzo de Medici until he should restore the liberties of Florence? Savonarola. Who championed the rights of the poor in 1552 against the tyranny of mediaeval power? A preacher, T. Munger. Who served out the powder at the taking of the Bastile? A priest. Who were among the signers of the Declaration of Independence? John Witherspoon, First Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterians in the United States." Who have been the leaders of all the great movements for the betterment of mankind in these modern days? Christian men and women, with mighty ideals of right and justice.

In calling for more ideal conduct, more energy, more Christian knighthood, more manly facing and grappling with public affairs, we are only summoning men to take their places in the great succession of God-called and God-anointed men from Moses to the present time.

Conduct stands for illumination. Why do we have schools? To illumine our children's minds, that their conduct may measure up to the best of life. Why do we

have churches given to us by Christ? To illumine our conduct. Why does the Holy Spirit come to the disciple of Christ? To give light to the thought and conduct of the Christian. There is all the difference in the world between illumination of books, the world's intelligence and that given by God, through His Holy Spirit.

This is illustrated in the life of Paul. No man had a greater education in his day than he. But his illumination from books and world's teachers sent him with fiery enthusiasm against the Church of Jesus Christ. But another illumination came. It struck him to the ground. He was spoken to by the Lord, and what is his cry: "What wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came and practically was: Become an apostle; retrace your steps; wherever you have persecuted my cause, go preach my truth. Instantly he arose and went, and met the sneer and the scoff and the persecution of those who hailed him because of his conduct resulting from his new faith and illumination. By his immediate renunciation of a discovered error he showed his sincerity. He could not stand by a lie; he could not consecrate his power to that which God had demonstrated to his soul was wrong.

In our last great world war, President Wilson said in May, 1916: "We want peace for two reasons, first, because we love it, and second, because we have nothing to do with the present quarrel." But a few months later he said: "The old age-long struggle for freedom and right begins again at its beginning. I accept the challenge. Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which

shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." Why did he change? Because of illumination. There had come certain great discoveries which revealed that our own democracy was at stake and that we must fight for our rights and relationships in the world.

Happy the man, the nation, that falls upon knees of prayer when the new light comes. There is no use having light unless we give ourselves to it. Better be without illumination, than to have it, and not live up to it.

There is no doubt but what this illumination of conduct demands sacrifice. Very often this higher call comes at some inconvenient time. You are busy making money. The call comes at some time when you want to go somewhere else. And the pathetic thing about all this is, that these things are not bad things; they are often necessary things. But we are apt to choose the little, the obscure. We dissipate, we fail in the presence of the greater. When we come to add up our years, we find the main ends of life have not been secured, the highest values have not been gained.

"We must say whether the locusts of vice shall devour this country; whether the Canaanite with his abomination shall sully this fair land of promise;" whether the untaught abomination of the old world's scum shall raise the banners of red and make anarchism master; whether the materialistic temper of a Judas-love for money and a Demas-care for the world, shall destroy our Sabbath sanctity; whether the life of Christ shall be made manifest through us for the salvation of the race.

We want a great civilization here, but we cannot have it without idealizing our conduct in Christian principles; without illuminating our path with the light divine. What shall it profit if by increase of goods, our sons and daughters decay! We cannot have a greater outer manhood or womanhood without first having a great inner manhood and womanhood begotten by the Spirit of God.

Not to meet this illumination of the Spirit is to drift back in mind and heart, and then in conduct. The result of such drifting will be like that which came to a noble dog, hero in "The Call of the Wild." Stolen from his master he was taken to Alaska where he was compelled to carry the mail over the snow and ice. His drunken master often beat him and neglected him. As a result he became more rebellious and the wolf ancestry appeared now and then. One day, he was rescued from his cruel master by a miner, who took him to his hut and cared for him, and the two became warm friends. He grew strong and sleek and fat again, and hated all, save his master.

One night the Indians came in upon the tent. His master fell dead. The dog wandered out into the wilderness, and now the wolf began to get the ascendency. Henceforth, he put down the old life and took on the new life. The wild and the wolfish were given rein. He tasted blood of the moose and fox. On the third night he heard steps and rustling in the leaves. It was his fellows, the wolves, hunting in packs. Then Buck and the leader met and fought for the supremacy and Buck won. A half-hour later recognizing their new

leader, the wolves followed him and he hunted with the pack.

I am sure we see the application of this parable. To let go the best and noblest; to refuse to follow the illumination of the Spirit; to take on selfishness and worldliness, is after awhile to have your life story written in these words: He Hunted with the Pack.

At Reigate, England, in the grounds of the ancient priory, there is a tree which is known as the tree of decision. Under it stood Lady Henry Somerset in the darkest hour of her life. The foundations of her faith seemed to be giving way. She was struggling with great questions of faith. There came to her this message of illumination: "Live as though I were, and you shall know that I am." The decision was made, and God became real to her, and her life became a mighty force for good conduct. So can it be with us.

Conduct stands for "performation." Conduct is three-fourths of life. And conduct is "performing righteously." We must perform to save ourselves with the world and God. Wendell Phillips one time said: "How cautiously men sink into nameless graves, while now and then one forgets himself into immortality." Forget not that the Master said: "He that loses his life for my sake shall save it."

"All negative religion, all passive goodness, all self-righteous correctness of life, will stand stripped and shivering in the winds of the judgment. The great word of Christianity is not abstain, but perform; is not deny but affirm. Jesus condemned the church at Laodicea by saying: 'Thou art neither cold nor hot.'

If a man is cold, heat may transform him. If a man is positively, forcefully evil, that force may be reversed and thrown into channels of goodness. But if a man has been subject to heat and is still but half-hot, if there be neither force for evil nor for good within him, his case is hopeless. We can measure ourselves in two ways. One is the way of the Corinthians, of whom Paul says: 'But they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise.' We compare ourselves with those about us; and thus we measure ourselves down. We seem to stand reasonably well. The other way is the high test, the test of challenging the best that is in us. We come into the presence of Him who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and now we must measure up."

The taking of Christ into your life rules out some things, but not anything that ought not to be ruled out. A great deal of wrong thinking comes in here. Men say: I do not want to join the church because I must give up this or that. Well, if that be so, you ought to give them up anyway and make your life all it can be. Living with Christ makes a man live as he ought to live. It will throw him into antagonism with evil. Christ lived in opposition to powers that finally crushed Him, but He was endowed with the spirit of the resurrection, and so will the man be who lives the Christ life. Paul never hesitated to stigmatize and curse evil! He lost his life because of his bravery. But he died climbing upward and he reaped his reward. Theodore Roosevelt stigmatized dishonesty and injustice, and won

his place in history, along beside that of Abraham Lincoln, as honest and clean. Conduct means performation.

What will true performation of conduct do? It can make the slave Daniel prime minister of Babylon. It can take Moses and make him the saviour of his country. It can take Paul and enable him to lead out a great Gentile race into the light of truth. It can take you and me and make us a part of God's plan to make this world righteous and holy.

A great many people have been asking: "Why did Jesus come into this world?" There are many answers, but one of them is found in what Bishop Shepard says: "He came to get some hands and feet. He came to get some hands that He might lay them upon blind eyes, and behold they shall see! And to put hands upon ears, and they shall hear! He came to get some feet that he might go about doing good. He came to get some lips that they might speak messages of love. And our joy is that we may be so identified in spirit and task with Jesus Christ that we can say: 'I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith and impulse of Jesus who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Blessed exchange—He gave His glorious self for my selfish self. And now the life I live I live for Him and with Him."

When the plague came to London, King Charles fled the city, taking with him all his money. He left nothing behind for the relief of his people. One day he returned with his outriders blowing their trumpets. Then the people refused him welcome. All went into

their homes and shut the doors. That night like a whipped dog the monarch crept into the city, hidden in the darkness.

Many a man will go to the judgment, with no one to come and meet him. He is neither wanted nor expected in heaven. His life in its conduct has won no merits whatsoever. But the man who makes the world better, will be greeted with joy. Death will stand and challenge every man: "Hold! who comes there?" And the answer will be: "A man bound for life!" And the challenge comes again: "Give the countersign!" And the man who passes the sentinel must be able to say: "I have bettered the world!" And the sentinel will say: "Pass on through the gates of life!"

XI

THE WONDERLAND OF MEMORY

THE wonderland of the mind is not The Grand Canyon of Arizona, or glorious Yellowstone Park, but of memory. Such a land is no poetical fancy, no writer's dream, but it is a land of fact, fancy and wonderful treasures.

We cannot tell what the nature of memory is in its ability to remember places, scenes and thoughts uttered, but we know it is as real as life itself.

Memory has been called the cabinet of the imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience and the council chamber of thought. It is recalling past knowledge, facts, words, faces, pictures and events that have been put aside. To me it is somewhat like a storehouse, where we have stored up our reserves, our resources, until we want to use them. But modern psychologists do not like this figure. They believe memory is a series of nerve cell paths, each of which open up certain kind of recollections. Memory is awakened when some sensation or thought travelling its special path, sends out awakening impulses down neighbouring and connected lines of nerve cells. Then, we might say that memory is a good deal like a phonograph record which has certain paths of words, or music, indentured there, and which are brought forth by the

moving impulse of the machinery, set in motion by a mind. This is a "long way round" to memory being a storehouse.

We know that memory acts through perception, retention, reproduction, and recognition. Perception is gaining knowledge through the senses. Retention is the power by which knowledge is kept in the subconscious mind, to be reproduced by suggestion. Reproduction is bringing back what has been stored up there. Recognition is a second knowing, a knowing of what has gone before.

Look at the marvels of memory! Muretus tells us that there was at Padua, a young Corsican, a brilliant student of civil law, who tested his wonderful memory. Six Venetian noblemen were judges, while Muretus dictated the words Latin, Greek, connected and disconnected, until he wearied himself and the man who wrote them down. Afterward the young man repeated the entire list of words in the same order, then backward, then every other word, then every fifth word, and all without error.

It is related that the Librarian for the Grand Duke of Tuscany read every book and pamphlet in his master's library and took a mental photograph of each page. When asked where a certain passage was to be found, he would name the alcove, shelf, book and page containing the passage in question.

It is said that a certain Englishman came to see Frederick the Great. Voltaire had just finished a long poem which Frederick requested him to read. Voltaire did so in the hearing of the English-

man, who, however, was concealed from his view. When the author had finished his poem, Frederick remarked that it could not be original, for there was one, a foreigner in the palace who could recite every word of it. Voltaire was disposed to doubt this, but when the stranger came forward and recited the poem with perfect accuracy, the author was amazed, then angry and in his passion tore the manuscript to pieces. All being explained to Voltaire, that the stranger had only repeated his poem, Voltaire relented and copied the poem from a second repetition of it by the Englishman.

Macaulay claimed that he had never forgotten anything that he had ever read, seen or thought. Ben Jonson could repeat all he had ever written, as could Niebuhr, the historian.

Our best students of mental philosophy believe that no thought, scene, enmity or aspiration is ever forgotten. Some touch will bring them all back again. The memory is more sensitive than the thermometer, more delicate than the barometer, and all its processes are registered for use. It is the marvel of the mental faculties, and when the right key or lever is touched, produces the wanted fact of life.

Man is measured by his memory! No man is greater than his memory; no man is less than his memory. Just as no man can lift more than his strength; just as no teacher can tell more than she knows; just as no banker can give out more than his deposits, so no man can go beyond his memory. It is his capital; it is his reservoir, his storehouse.

"By threads that no man can unravel, we are bound to the past. Everything leaves its record within us, becomes a part of ourselves. It is something we can never escape, can never shake off. The incidents of the inner world of memory have more to do with our happiness and peace, than the real facts of outer life."

Have we read and studied books? They have increased our ability; they are deposits of resources for our mental use. Have we heard fine music, splendid lectures? They have given us an influx of power; they are tributaries of mental supply. Have we travelled? All the scenes are stored up for use. We are measured by all these; they constitute our capital, our stock in trade. Suppose we should be stripped of all these things? How poor, how bare, how empty life would be!

I have in mind one of the greatest men in the past, of our country. He was known throughout the world for the brilliancy of his intellect and educational organization. He has moved great audiences and commanded every platform, anywhere, everywhere. He is still alive at this writing, but his memory is impaired and his friends do not allow him to speak, if they can help it. He cannot command his memory—he is less now, where once he was more, because of memory.

Memory constitutes our identity in life. We can do nothing without it. "Apart from memory, every mind would be a blank, waiting for the next impression which would be lost as soon as obtained, and every personality would be a series of successive and separate states of consciousness having no necessary connection one with the other." Memory like a golden thread,

gathers up the past upon its own continuities—and all thought and progress are in the keeping of memory.

There are some people in insane asylums who are not known. They have lost identity through loss of memory. They will never find themselves, until they find their memory.

Through memory we bring ourselves back as we were twenty-five years ago, and we recognize that picture taken then through memory. The body, face and whole aspect of form are different, but we own ourselves through memory. We have but to close our eyes, and see those days, the home we lived in, the friends we associated with, and all comes to us afresh, and memory gives us the positive guarantee of identity of self. We cannot disown ourselves.

Many years ago a child in Pennsylvania was stolen from home by the Indians, who brought her up in the Indian life. When she was about ten years of age, the Indians were captured by the government and a number of white children brought to the settlement with them, for identification. The mother of the lost child was there peering into the face of every one of the girls, seeking her own. But she could not discover her among the girls. Saddened she stepped back in utter despair when the Commandant asked her if there was not some other way she might identify her lost child. The mother said she could not remember any mark, but she did sing a lullaby each night to her child when she put her to sleep. The officer suggested that she sing that lullaby. The mother began to sing it, and as she went on one of the girls stirred, became agitated, moved forward a

bit, and a look of surprise came, and then she leaped forward, crying: "Me mudder! Me mudder!" Memory had at last identified the past relation and the mother found her daughter. Thus in memory we have a positive guarantee of ourself.

Memory is our greatest sanctuary! It is filled with the warm feelings, emotions and romances of the soul. It should be the holy of holies to us.

In ancient times, it was the custom to set aside certain churches or dedicated buildings as places of sanctuary. A man flying from his foes; a criminal flying from his pursuers, might be safe inside these places until other security could be had, or justice could be done. Our modern system of police and law were not then in existence. So those who believed themselves wronged would take punishment into their own hands with the consequence that sometimes the wrong man would suffer.

We no longer have need of that kind of sanctuary. But we do and always will need the sanctuary of memory. Here we can see and review our joys and associations of life. Here is a wonderful refuge of comfort. Remembered fields; remembered talks, remembered faces, make well springs of water for thirsty hearts and sorrowing minds. Here in this sanctuary we live over again with mother, father, husband, wife, sister, brother, child and friends. The gladness we have had, the friends we have prized, the joyous experiences, all make memory a sacred spot in which to linger.

How the aged like to look back over the past and linger over blessed scenes in their lives! When one

has climbed a mountain and he is near the top, he often looks back at the scenes passed and the incidents along the way. He looks back at this companion, that event, and in the sanctuary of memory finds the hallowedness of his declining days.

What a sanctuary Mrs. Roosevelt finds in memory! The wonderful hours of achievement with her husband, the many scenes witnessed and associated in his life, the stirring events of useful days and the blessed hours with Quentin, the remembrance of his voice, words, movements; all these make memory the sweetest place in her life.

And what movements and powers and resources are in memory! We note the resources of the soil, the mines, the sea and the air! But these are not surpassing those of memory in man, which furnishes the tools for the working through inventive genius, the materials of the world.

We naturally think of Edison, Burbank, Howe, Field, Wright and many others of like kind, but how about Browning, Emerson, Shakespeare and James? All these testify of the ability of memory.

But look at our subject at a little different angle. There was Grant, lacking in business, uneasy at manual labour, a thorn in his father's mind. When the Civil War broke out he asked his father for a loan of one hundred dollars in order to get a commission in the Union Army. He must have this to get his outfit. His father said: "You are not worth it," and passed into his store and left him wondering and angry at his reply. As he stood there, his father's partner, a

Southern gentleman came along and seeing Ulysses looking glum and disgusted, he said: "What is the matter, Ulysses?" And Grant said: "I asked my father for a loan of one hundred dollars to buy my outfit so that I might get a commission in the Union Army and he said: I was not worth it, and passed into the store." "Well, Ulysses," said the partner, "I will loan it to you," and he did. And it was a Southern man who brought Ulysses Grant into the service of his country and helped him to the place that he ultimately won. When Ulysses Grant came home from the war, his father went out to meet him.

Who could have seen the mighty will, the tremendous perseverance, the alert mind, the keen analyser, the military genius wrapped up in the memory of Grant? No one! and yet, all was there in embryo, awaiting the hour that should call it forth.

In all of God's children are hidden such resources and forces as make man mighty and great in achievement! What inspiration! There is hidden in each one of us, the powers that can give us ultimate and magnificent success!

Memory plays the part of warning in our life. Were it not for this faculty our life would be utterly disorganized. Morality would be impossible did we not remember the things that serve as a lesson of guidance. "The mariner sailing through an untried sea observes that here is deep and open sailing; that on this side is a hidden shoal; on that a rock which is covered at high tide but bare at low tide. He sets these things down on his chart, thus making a paper memory that any

intelligent seaman may hereafter use as a practical guide for his course. So we learn to navigate the future because we remember the experiences that are behind us. We learn by the record of the past, the principles by which we guide ourselves in the present."

Many years ago, I took by mistake a teaspoonful of poison. I did not carefully look at the bottle as I should. Instantly I knew my mistake, and by quick work, saved my life. Now I never take up a bottle, but what I look at it most carefully. It is not likely that I ever will make that mistake again; memory warns me every time.

Memory is to be our book of life. We should not forget that our life is being written day by day, and we must take it along with us through all the years. Now is the time to make up the plot; to arrange the characters; give out the parts, and arrange the finale. Already we have put in parts which we wish might be erased or changed, but it cannot be done. There are sad memories of mistakes made, sins committed, lives injured. They are remediless. "An act, when it is once behind us, cannot be grasped and annihilated. The universe never wipes out anything that is a fact. Blessed are they who see to it that they do not speak the words that they wish blotted out, that they do not commit the deeds that they would not like to recall!"

"If a man started to travel through Europe for the purpose of gathering up a series of pictures to be hung in his room when he returned home, and to be the scenes on which he must gaze through all the rest of his life, how careful he would be in the selections made!

We are like such a man in that we are gathering pictures that we shall have to look at with regret and shame or with interest and joy. Thrice blessed are they who, when they unlock the doors and enter the picture galleries of memory, take comfort and peace in what they find therein!"

And do not these very thoughts indicate that memory is to be a part of our heaven! What can we take with us there? We cannot take our money, our lands, our homes, our bodies, for these are not the properties of heaven. We can take with us our memories of these things, that, and nothing else.

The Eastern Orientalist has a doctrine of Karma which is at least interesting. What is Karma? It is that our deeds, our thoughts, the emotions we cherish and all the incidents of our lives continually live within our soul and are carried along with us, and that this load of memory, this Karma, determines our destiny in this and all worlds. The material is left behind, but the spirit that was in the things, is carried on forever.

Before the war, in northern France, there were thousands and thousands of acres of roses. These were gathered by the workers, denuded of their petals, and taken to the hydraulic presses where every ounce of sap is pressed from the flowers. This is distilled until at last whole acres of roses are translated into a few ounces of perfume.

Is not the ending of life such a process? From off the wide flung fields of life, are harvested our deeds, the weeds with the roses, good and bad actions; all this is gathered up into the strange mill of death and all is

transformed into memory! Nothing left but memory! That will be a part of our heaven. Verily it will be true that the memory of the righteous will be blessed.

Memory is likely to be our hell! Hell is not a literal fire, for that could be put out; this fire is unquenchable. It is the outer darkness of memory; the gnashing of misspent lives; the wailing of sinful recollections. What sinful man or woman likes to be alone with their thoughts! Amusement, excitement, drugs—anything but normal thoughts and the searching light of righteousness! To live with one's self, and to note the evil done, the wrong set in motion, to see the end of it all, in the light of God's glorious day, will be hell.

There is a man going up and down in a place of confinement, whose one wail is: "If I only had! If I only had!" No one knows what he means, but there is a tortured memory there.

> "Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
> In one self-place; for where we are is hell;
> And where hell is, there must we ever be;
> And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
> And every creature shall be purified,
> All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Memory then, is conscience. As long as memory lasts, conscience will last. In "Twice Told Tales," there is a sketch called, "Fancy's Show Box," in which Hawthorne shows an old gentleman sitting, musing over his glass of wine. Three figures enter the room, symbolizing Fancy, Memory and Conscience. Memory and Conscience take their places on each side of his

chair, while Fancy lays down some pictures for the man to see. A scene is put before his eyes, in which he appears to be breaking the heart of a country maiden; another shows him aiming a blow at the life of a bosom friend and a third shows him trying to get away from three helpless orphans, their rightful possessions. All these are reconstructed through memory, while conscience stimulates and spiritualizes his sense of right and wrong, and brings conviction to his heart.

This picture of Hawthorne shows "that God has endowed the mind with power to carry forward all it sees and hears and thinks." Such a tablet is imperishable. You may put truth on paper, but the paper will moulder; put it into institutions, but they will dissolve as a cloud; put it on marble or brass, but these are corruptible, but put into an immortal mind and spirit and it lives forever and ever. So is it with all things in life; the mind carries it forward for the conscience to act upon.

Did you read the story of Alfred Beit, the diamond king of South Africa! When he was a young man he was anxious to get into the diamond business. He knew there were diamonds to be had; how to get to the natives that had them, was the question. He applied to an old Boer who always had uncut diamonds, offering a generous sum if he would tell him how to start the diamond business, but the old man shook his head and said he knew nothing about it.

But he watched the old Boer ride out early on an old white horse, day after day, and this was a part of the information he wanted. He bought the old horse, pay-

ing three times what it was worth on the ground that he had to have a horse in a hurry.

The next day he rode before daylight to the house of the Boer of whom the horse had been bought. He rode into the gate and out again, and left the reins loose on the old horse's neck. He took him to the hut of every native of whom the old Boer had bought diamonds. The old horse gave confidence to the natives and they sold their diamonds to Beit, who would pay them more than had the old Boer. In this way he became the diamond king. This ought to concentrate our minds on the thought that memory leads to the diamond conscience always and forever, and we get what we have paid for in deeds and thoughts.

Memory enduring makes love enduring. It would be a terrible thing to go out into the great unknown utterly alone, to move through worlds unrealized, to find nothing familiar, nothing hospitable, nothing that grips our hearts, only the bleak emptiness and unpeopled solitude of the eternal. It would make death a horrible nightmare if at its door, all love was abandoned, or lost. But memory tells us this is impossible, because love always lives, it is the one great reality of the universe. Though all else fail, "love never faileth."

Penelope kept love's altar burning in her memory for many years, and refused all suitors, hoping, trusting and believing that Ulysses would return, and when he did, memory had held love true and devoted for him through all vicissitudes.

Memory kept the father's heart tender and loving while the younger son was in the far country of sin

and riotous living. And when the son returned, he found it again in loving forgiveness and wonderful tenderness of joy.

The memory of a great love, brought Jane to Garth in "The Rosary," when he became blind, and needed help and care. It awoke the old fire in Garth's heart, and it burned through prejudice and stubbornness to victory and happiness in both of their hearts.

No, we shall never lose our loves. They will endure and become a part of our paradise in the city of God.

Can we forget? Well, to forget is almost as important as to remember. The mind must not be overloaded, so try and forget the things that are of no importance. Make good selection of the things to be retained. It is well to put the emphasis upon the big and true, and to relegate to oblivion the hates, the sores, the injustices, we do not want to remember.

What shall I remember? That God loves you dearly. Go where you will, you cannot escape that love. You may forget Him, but He does not forget you. You may forsake Him, but He will not forsake you. He literally pursues you with His love.

Remember that you live this life but once. Make the most of it as you travel forward. Scatter the good, not the evil. Radiate the best not the worst. Get rid of the grouch, and give the smile. Hold to truth not to falsehood. Cling to virtue, give up vice; take Christ and not evil.

You can strengthen memory by knowing that it is not only a gift, but that it is also acquired. Music is a gift, but it is also acquired in greater degree.

You can acquire memory by getting a sound body. When the body is fresh and vigorous, plentifully supplied with good blood, impressions are more easily made. Memory then becomes indelible.

Memory becomes greater through getting all the knowledge you can. The more you know about your subject, the more easily and accurately do you remember what you read concerning it.

Hold to the fact that memory is worked up through the senses. There are five of them, and all should be given opportunity to help. Seeing, hearing, writing, talking a thing makes it impossible to forget. Thus we use the memory in all directions. The exercise of the ear in hearing does not improve the power of vision. Napoleon wrote on a slip of paper the name which he wished to remember and then threw the paper away. He wrote to get the impression through the eye and hand as well as the ear.

Give attention to what you do. Attention is selective relations. It is interest in what you are doing. One-half of the deafness that exists today, is the result of inattention. The highest degree of attention is obtained only when concentration accompanies it.

You also fix memory by association. Every memory culture course gives this prominence. You associate a man by his business, profession, place or where you first met him. Attention fixes, while association recalls.

Repetition fixes memory. If you wish to remember a name, repeat it. Keep thinking about the thing until it has become a part of your life. A good habit helps to secure the best memory. Memory is jealous

of distrust and she feels herself slighted when the notebook is resorted to in the most trivial affairs. The servant, then, becomes the master and the poor slave carries his memorandum book. The habit of holding yourself through good will to remember, brings wonderful results. Make yourself remember by exercising the habit of willing yourself to retain what you have to do or have heard.

A good memory does not necessarily demand that you shall commit everything to rote work. If a lecturer does this he loses something of the subconscious freedom that gives him power over his audience. But he should know his subject well and be able to remember the outline and general ideas of his subject.

The reason for better memory in adults is in their greater ability to concentrate their attention, their wider knowledge, with its fine wealth of associations.

It has also been proven that rapid workers remember more of what they learn, than those who are slow in acquiring facts. Children excel adults in rote learning because they are more accustomed to memory work. But as soon as adults have had practice in this line of memory work, they surpass children. Mature persons are not willing to submit to the drudgery of rote learning.

The Christian life is the secret of a regenerated memory that gives man the ultimate goal of his being. In Jesus Christ there is an escape from the bitterness of memory.

In ancient mythology there was a river called Lethe. Whoever drank of its water instantly forgot all the past.

In that age, as in every age, there were those who had lived in such a way that they longed to forget. So they invented the story of Lethe, the River of Forgetfulness. Alas, for those who desired it, for it is naught but a pure invention, a mere fable. However much men may desire it, there is no land of forgetfulness. Men have tried many opiates, but memory still lives and again and again awakens to plague them. But in Jesus Christ, "there is therefore now no condemnation." "Thy sins be forgiven thee." "Thy sins and thy iniquities shall be remembered no more forever. I will cast them behind me." Sin can be forgotten after it has been forgiven. "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." "He is able to save unto the uttermost all those who come unto the Father through Him."

I believe that in the grace of God, the rivers of whose mercy flow forth to all men, there is a transforming, disciplining, renewing and glorifying power for memory by which heaven is made possible.

And while it is true that the past cannot be taken out of our memory; it is gloriously true, that we can be so absorbed with the present, and interested in that which is now passing, that we shall be taken up with that which is, rather than that which was.

Open not the books of memory, O Lord, for therein is my bitterness and weakness and death. Open Thou the Book of Life for me, with all its vitality and creative power, and out of what I am, in Thy grace enable me to become the man that Thou hast purposed for me in Thy Infinite Love. Amen.

XII

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

THE pearl is more often mentioned in sacred and profane history than any other jewel. It has always been the symbol of purity. Therefore it is the favourite stone of the Bible. Pliny asserted that the oysters rise in the night to the surface of the water, to feed upon the dews of heaven, which the sun's rays upon the water nourished into pearls. The Talmud informs us that Noah had no other light in the ark than that which came from precious stones. And the Bible indicates that pearls are so beautiful that God chose their lustre for the gates of heaven.

Is it any wonder that from early history, pearls have been gathered into necklaces and worn for their beauty and the glory of their symbolism? Perhaps the most valuable necklace was that of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was valued at several hundred thousand dollars. This would not be a high estimate when we remember that Cleopatra melted in wine a pearl valued at three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; and that Caesar gave to Servilla, mother of Brutus, a pearl valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

As a result of the value of pearls, and their symbolism, a demand is constant for necklaces made out of

them. To meet this demand there has come a cultivation of the pearl oyster business in Japan by Kokichi Mikimoto. A small seed pearl, or round piece of nacre, is introduced into the shell of the oyster. This serves as the nucleus. The shells are then put back into the sea and left there at least for four years. Then they are taken up and opened and about one-third give forth beautiful pearls no different from those made by the oyster itself by some secretion or irritating substance that may be brought into the shell under the ocean. Out of these cultivated pearls many necklaces are being made today.

Wonderful as this story is, there is yet a more wonderful story of how we may cultivate pearls of thought and speech and action into a necklace more marvellous, more beautiful, and more adorning than those that may be made up from the pearls of the oysters. What are some of these pearls that should make up a necklace for us to wear, that would make us beautiful in the sight of God and man?

The first pearl is VISION. Happy the man who gets the vision of glory as did John when he saw the Holy City with its gates of pearls.

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor's boy,
With his marble black before him.
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heavenly light the sculpture shone,
He had caught the angel vision.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the time when, at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision."

At the heart of all the finest expression of human energy lies a vision, furnishing the motive and stimulus into the country of realization. Whatever is in the inner thought will be expressed in the outer revelation. There cannot be an evolution without an involution. If a banker has only the thought of money in his mind, he will have only money in his experience.

"God speaks to a bee in the hive, so that he moves by some marvellous instinct over miles of fields and back again on a straight line. God speaks to the bird when the leaves begin to fall and the frosts begin to come, and the bird spreads its wings and flies away to the land of flowers and sunshine." And God speaks to man by a vision that calls him away from the low and the sordid to the beautiful and high.

When we have a nation's vision we will have its history. Babylon had a vision of material riches and glory. She substituted grossness for principle, lust for virtue, gold for righteousness, mammon for God, and she fell.

When we have a man's vision, we can tell his history. Read the Memoirs of Bismarck, written by himself, and you will see that he meant to make his country a first

power at every hazard. And this was the vision of Emperor William, and he failed, because it was not begotten of God. No wonder that pearls sometimes stand for tears! Germany's vision was not one of God's pearls, but was of the earth and it was dissolved in dust and ashes.

Tissot caught a vision of the Christ, and he gave up the material and the sensual and painted Him who transformed him into fame and honour for all time.

Millet was reborn into a life of high and noble imagination that gave him the new birth of constructive painting, when he followed the vision of the better and fame came to him through "The Angelus."

God whispered to Luther in a vision and he said: "I will not recant." A young man failing as a teacher in a public school, drank of the cup of vision and he came forth as Phillips Brooks. A young lawyer, related to the aristocracy, a graduate of Harvard with little to do, had a vision of the rights of the slave, and he became the mighty and eloquent Wendell Phillips.

May it not be that today our minds need to be taken up into the sky through the power of vision and be reborn, if we are to make ourselves worth while to the world? We should see ourselves as we can be, rather than as we are. Our life needs toning up and vision is the means ordained of God for the accomplishment of this purpose.

The man who will rise above the spending and the getting, the warring and the sensualing, the social and the frivolous, must be a man of powerful vision. Erskine wrote in his diary: "That day I got my head

out of Time into Eternity." Reader, get your heart and head out of the actual into the potential, out of matter into vision. Eternity crowned men will be visioning men on the earth.

The second pearl of our necklace is BEAUTY. The pearl declares that God is a lover of beauty; and the wearer of the pearl declares he loves the beautiful. All ages have been fascinated with the beautiful. It is natural to abhor the ugly and the deformed. Today there is a seeking of adornment to be made beautiful. Montaigne in his essay on "Beauty" tells of the horrors that the women of his time endured. Old women went to the surgeon and had their faces flayed, expecting that the new skin would be smooth as a babe's. They ate pounded bone, and drank charcoal water. They starved themselves; then they ate—all to be made beautiful. And today there are facial artists, and new cosmetics coming forth all the time to help women to be beautiful.

"Give me beauty!" cries the young man. But he is looking the wrong way for it. It is not to be found in the outer things of life. The beauty that lasts must begin within, and work outward. Look for the average young man's spinal column and you will find a little gelatinous thread, not yet having the fibre of bone in it. Young man! you cannot carve the flower of beauty until you have the column of strength within you.

"Give me beauty!" cries the young woman, and she seeks the ornamentations that are cheap, and paints her face with cosmetics, oblivious of the facts of history,

that no woman can have real beauty unless she seeks the grace of the spiritual within herself.

"Give me beauty!" cries the mature woman, as she sees its power to attract and hold the attention of others about her. And she seeks that which adorns the outside, in jewels, cosmetics and dress, forgetting the beauty that is born of the spirit and that is permanent.

There is no beauty worth having that does not come out of the life of spiritual graces in Christ Jesus. Any other beauty will collapse, will fade out in the light that searches all hearts, as well as faces. There is too much "making up," and not enough reality.

We should not forget that "handsome is as handsome does." There is a beauty of action which is more important than any beauty of form. It is more important that our character be beautiful than that our body should be so. Fifty years from now it will matter little, whether our faces were pretty, but as long as God lives, it will be of the greatest importance whether our character, our lives, are beautiful.

The third pearl is CHARM. "How charming!" Yes, it is so. The pearl has this rare gift of adornment. No wonder necklaces are sought by the wealthy, and given by the devoted lover, and fond husband and father.

"Isn't she charming!" rarely spoken, but tremendously appreciative! Why is it that one person whom every one respects and commends, should be slighted and passed by, while another, far less commendable, is sought after and beloved by every one? It is charm!

You cannot acquire charm. You can acquire learning, and you can acquire good manners and riches. Patient effort will give you the languages, the arts and the sciences. You can make people come to you for something you have to give them. But if you have charm they will come to you for nothing material that you can give them, but will give you everything.

Charm is not beauty, for features of the most purely modelled perfection do not give it. It is not wit, for men fear wit rather than love it, and they pay homage to intellect only grudgingly and from afar off. It is not kindness, for we know persons whose lives are spent doing good, who yet have no charm whatever.

Charm comes from a life radiant and beautiful within. It is like a flower that develops from within out, the fragrance and sweetness of the within. It is as natural as nature. The light is radiant and charming as it comes from the sun and throws itself into glorious colours of sunset or sunrise hue. The waves of the ocean come with curves and colours of green and blue, that charm and delight. The sky with its wonderful blue, the meadow with its emerald green, the grain with its yellow gold, the lake with its silvery white, the mountain with its wonderful grey, all tell us of the charm of nature.

And the charm of life takes the morning with a smile, the night with a light of good cheer, the discords with harmonies, the selfish with generosity, the sensual with purity, the bad with good, the distrustful with confidence and the hopeless with divine expectation.

Charm cries out for its creed:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who would care;
I would be strong, for there are those who suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh and love and lift."

The fourth pearl is PURITY. This has been the particular symbol of the pearl. For this reason it may well signify heavenly things. There is no harder pearl to cultivate or obtain than this. From the beginning of time, the world has been sensual and the flesh masterful. Not many years pass in a life before it discovers passions of the body that surge within. It also discovers the suggestions of evil from without.

It is impossible to walk upon any street of a city; to read any book of fiction; to visit any picture show or theatre; to listen to the average conversation; to meet the average person, without knowing the power and lust of life, from without. All are obliged to run a gauntlet within and without, and few escape this race of life without being scorched with more or less impurity.

And yet, it is "the pure in heart that shall see God." Our cultivation of life should not be upon the basis of the drawing room; the social adornment; the gaining of mental stimulus; the acquiring of fame or riches, but of the cultivation of the pure and holy. This is the way to heaven; to beholding Him, and participating in the glories of heaven.

It will have to be a good fight; a fight of faith, with the armour of God about us, and the Spirit within. It will have to be with a watch upon our lips; a reserve about our manners; a keeping separate from worldlings; a love for the pure, and a prayerful life, hid with Christ in God.

The greatest need of the world is purity of thought and action. Here is our greatest fight, here our greatest consequences. Our greatest enemy is within, and if we are not careful, he will unlock the gate of our citadel and let the enemy, lust, within. And when once within a human life, how hard to drive him out; how hard to regain possession of the jewels of the throne room! Only divine power can aid us and help us to win the victory. Pray God to give you light upon these things and strength to keep pure.

Who has not discovered that there is a contagion in sin—that the mind which permits itself an evil book; the eye that does not turn away from a corrupt picture; the ear that is not jealously closed to a wicked voice, is soon pacified into tolerance of sin, and from tolerance of sin passes into welcome of it; and that thus the whole life is corrupted, as the fruit is cankered by the one unnoticed spot of rottenness which slowly spreads until all is poisoned?

How often a pure woman marries a bad man with the idea that she can reform him. It almost inevitably follows that he corrupts her. It is not the water that will purify the mud, it is the mud that will pollute the water. It is not the pure nature that will clarify

the corrupt, but it is the corrupt that will slowly soak through and saturate the pure.

Let us seek the pure, that pearl of all possessions that typifies the city whose builder is God, where nothing that defileth ever enters.

Pearls bring joy, and they indicate the joy that is to come. We are to joy in God, the Lord. "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say rejoice." "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." The eternal good is here, and it is for us to joy in. We have in us the capacity for joy, therefore there is joy for us. The New Testament is full of joy. It opens with a joy song over the birth of Jesus, and it ends with a hallelujah chorus. There is enough tragedy in the New Testament to make it the saddest book in the world, and instead it is the most joyful. At one of the saddest times in history Jesus said: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." We dishonour God if we fail to make the most of every opportunity for legitimate happiness. God is ashamed of the man who goes through life wailing and finding no joy in life.

You take an instrument and string it in perfect accord, and place it in the window where the breeze will play over its strings; and, if it is attuned to the wind, there will come on the air a dreamy sound of lulling music. And so this human nature of ours, if it be attuned perfectly to the forces of the world about us, every breath of the world's life over us will be music; so that we need not go in search for joy.

Joy is a divine right. As all men have a right to

eat and sleep, so they have a right to be happy. They have a right to eat and sleep because their physical natures demand sustenance and refreshment. The appetite for happiness is as normal a characteristic as the appetite for food.

Do not forget that joy always needs a participant in it. Joy always needs a partner. When the shepherd got back with his lost sheep, he "called his friends and neighbours together, saying unto them, rejoice with me." It is true that we will find the real joy if we play partners. We most likely will miss it if we do not.

The Indians used to tell about a strange stone. It was supposed to be concealed upon some high mountain top; no one knew just where. At times it would shine brighter than the moon. It was called the "Great Carbuncle." To find it was the sole ambition of many. But it seemed to elude the searchers.

"Hawthorne has told us of some people who sought for this Great Carbuncle, and why they did not find it. They had been taught that the one who found it would become famous and very, very happy. So they were seeking it that they might become happy. Each wanted to find it that he alone might enjoy it. One, Mr. Seeker, even wanted it buried with him when he died so no one else could ever have it. Another wanted it that he might write a book about it that would cause people to talk about him. Another wished to find it that he might sell it for a large sum of money, so he would be very rich. One other wanted it that it might shine in his beautiful palace, so his finery would show off better before his neighbours.

"Among the seekers were a young man named Matthew and his young wife, Hannah. They were poor, simple people who possessed only a little cottage. They hoped to find the stone, and had planned to always keep it in their cottage that it might give them light at night. In their search they went upon a high mountain. Soon the clouds and mist settled down upon them, enveloping them in utter darkness. They became lost. In their despair they decided to return to their little cottage, if they could but find their way out of the darkness. Their friends, they said, could not enjoy it with them if they did find it. So they would return to their humble home without the stone and always be happy through loving and helping one another and their friends."

The real lesson here for us, is to give our help and love to others and we shall find the real joy of living. No one can be happy as long as they are selfish. To find Christ and His service is to find the joy of living. Some writer has said:

"I ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Some gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear,
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear,
Of struggling men.
To bid them pause awhile and listen; then,
With spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more.
I only pray that, through the common days
Of this my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart, strains that shall help to heal
Its long borne pain.

To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain,
And fill the life with harmonies divine.
Oh may such power be mine!
Thus would I live, and when all working days
Are o'er for me
May the rich music of my life ring on eternally."

Do not forget that which creates the mere passing merriment is one of the smallest, shallowest and least satisfactory sources of joy. What does the blear-eyed debauchee, whose chief desire is painted women, plentiful drink, and putrid talk, know about real joy? What possible and lasting joy can emerge from the coarse and revolting haunts of sin? The hungry-eyed, fevered crowds surging in and out of such places are not enjoying themselves; they are simply trying to cheat their souls of the heavenly food, and they mistake the temporary absence of restlessness and insatiate desire for the presence of pleasure.

The highest joy must always be commensurate with our highest powers of enjoyment. "Any other joy is like the cracking of thorns under a pot—very bright and genial for a brief space, but speedily followed with the ashes into which it so very soon resolves itself."

Henry Drummond says: "By a branch of the true Vine, we may grow the fruits of His joy, for His method of living is one that in the nature of things produces joy."

"The man who turns his back upon the Light
Finds shadows in his path in fullest sight;

But those who turn their faces toward it find
That gloomy shades at once are left behind,
Hence, day or night,
Face thou the Light."

Pearls are born through suffering. Generally some foreign substance gets into the shell of the oyster and the constant irritation produces the pearl. It gets its glory and value from its birth of suffering.

And this is true of all the most valuable things of life. "The flowers go into the laboratory to yield their perfume, the grapes to be trampled for their juice, the sand to the fire for glass," the carbon to intensity of heat for the diamond, the seed to death in the soil, for fruitage, and so is it in man. His growth is one of resistance, struggle, conflict, battle and often death of self. "Steel is iron plus fire; statues are marble plus the chisel and manhood is nature plus the battle."

Victor Hugo has given many powerful persons who were seemingly sore afflicted—hunchbacks, blind people, so called criminals—who yet exerted a great influence for good. These persons had conquered the unkind conditions about them. In "The Man Who Laughs," we get a hideous face misunderstood by the mob. But down underneath the repulsive exterior was a great, generous, sublime nature. Jean Valjean was sorely misunderstood, persecuted, wronged. Yet out of all the misery he merged chastened, refined, victor unvanquished, the master—and great happiness was his.

In the late World War, men counted more than anything else. There is a story they are telling all over Scotland, of Corporal Angus of the Highland Light

Infantry. The regiment had made a night charge against the German trenches. The searchlights had found the charging troopers, and the fury of machine guns and rifles had disappointed their hopes. They had been forced to retreat without recovering their wounded or their dead. When the morning came they saw the body of Lieutenant Martin lying almost at the parapet of the German trenches. As they watched him an arm moved. He was not dead. But it seemed as though more than human power were needed to venture forth over that dark and bloody ground and bring him safely back. Then Corporal Angus did his deed, "an act," to quote the report, "which will rank as second to none in the annals of the British army." He climbed coolly out of the trench, and began his progress. Bombs rained about him, machine guns spat their fury at him, rifle bullets sang their song of hate into his ears. Time after time he was struck, forty times had he been wounded when he staggered back at last; but in his arms he bore his officer. He had gained his quest, and today, slowly struggling back to strength, he bears upon his bosom the Victoria Cross. And the empire is aroused at the story.

The lustre of a pearl or a great life comes through its suffering and development in the furnace of struggle. The battles of peace are just as exacting and testing as those of war. Today the world is looking for mighty men who will follow in the footsteps of their Lord and be willing to sacrifice means, strength, time and worldly honours for the sake of the Church and the Kingdom of God. Irritation, hardship, perils, stripes and even

death may await the soldier of God, but to look into the face of the Christ and see His desire, is to execute for His glory, and to reap the Cross of Honour from Him. Heaven will not be a nursery for the feeble. When God marshals His great hosts for review you will hear it said: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation."

"I'd walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where pleasure and comfort led
Until by chance in a quiet place
I met my Master face to face.

"I had built my castles and reared them high,
Till their towers pierced the blue of the sky.
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace
When I met my Master face to face.

"I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes full of sorrow were fixed upon me,
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

"Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw naught else but my Master's face,
And I cried aloud, 'Oh, make me meet
To follow the marks of Thy wounded feet.'

"My thought now is for the souls of men,
I've lost my life to find it again,
E'er since alone in that holy place,
My Master and I stood face to face."

Are the pearls in our necklace dull, sickly in appearance! Sometimes they become so; the constant contact with the human body affects them, if it be not well and strong. Then, away goes the lustre, the beauty, and value of the necklace. What can be done? The pearls must be dipped in the sea, and allowed to remain there awhile. Then, they come up beautiful and lustrous again. We have more trouble with our pearls of beauty and lustrousness. They are so much in contact with human things, they get sickly and do not reflect the true glory of life.

Our natures get puffed up with pride and vain-glory, swollen with conceit and are overheated with passion and excitement; there is an incipient delirium of the world in us. Some natures have paralysis of usefulness; others have fits of grumbling and the rage of jealousy; others are blue with worry and cold with fear and frozen up with envy and covetousness.

For all these maladies there is a cure. If we will bathe in the sunshine of The Word, and wash ourselves thoroughly in the warmth and cleanliness of a spiritual flow and have a message from the Physician of Life, we will find the dulness going, the fever will be laid low; the sore spot will heal over; the paroxysm will pass, and the pearls of speech and action will have their beauty returned.

The last pearl is GRACE. This is the "pearl of great price." The diamond, the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire, and other precious gems are hidden away in river beds, or set in solid rocks, and there men seek them without loss of health or much risk of life. Not

so with the pearl. It belongs to the ocean. Not to the shore, but to the depths. To find it the pearl fisher must weight himself down with a stone, leap from the boatside and descend into the depths of the sea. Frequently he never rises again. Either the pressure is too great for him, or he falls a prey to the shark or other monsters of the deep. It is a costly business and furnishes an apt and striking illustration of what it cost God to bring salvation to men.

You have sometimes seen a garden in all the profusion of summer beauty and fruitfulness battered and beaten down by a sudden storm. The flowers are bending their heads; their stems are crushed, and it looks as if no human power can ever restore that garden again. And no human power can! You may take sticks and props and go around that garden and tie up the bruised blossoms, but with the best intention in the world you cannot produce the life which was apparent before the storm came. But let the sun come out; let the gentle zephyr take the place of the rude, harsh wind, and it is wonderful how the flowers pick up. In a very short space of time, they are as bright as before the storm. And so is it with grace. When the reign of the grace of Christ is set up in a soul, it is a reign of tenderness and sympathy, but also a reign of unspeakable strength. That which has been bruised, battered and crushed, and well-nigh destroyed by sin, shall blossom again to the glory of Christ's name.

An old minister on his death-bed said to his colleague: "I am gathering up all my good deeds and my bad deeds, my successes and my failures, and I am casting

all overboard and am going into heaven on a single plank of gospel grace." He was right. There is no other way into heaven. "By grace are ye saved."

Here then is our necklace of pearls. Let them be strung together by the Word of Truth, and they can never be broken. Let them be bathed in the light of love, and they will always reflect the glory of things to come. Let them be strung about your daily life with the imagery of heaven, and they will lead into the presence of their Maker, who has imaged Himself in them.

XIII

HOW TO APPLY CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY

THE "how" is most important. And yet the application is greater still. We have talked and written a good deal about Christian Psychology. It is time that we make an attempt to tell how it is applied.

Recognize what you have to apply. Recognition of the material gives some idea of the work one can do, and how big one can build. The builders must know what kind of materials are to be used and the quantity and quality. And this is true of us. We have all the world, visible and invisible, for our materials. Matching these are the tools of mind and spirit. Some of these tools are in the conscious mind, some in the spirit mind, while the subconscious mind is the storehouse of supplies.

The conscious mind directs, designs, suggests and commands. It gives the pattern, the plan, the mould. It therefore is the creator of all. It is "carnal," "mortal" and yet can become spiritualized. We must not lose this mind, for to do so, would be to go to the insane asylum. We must spiritualize it; then it finds its true place.

The subconscious mind builds, produces, furnishes the power, energizes all, changes the chemistry of the

body, eradicates disease, functions, renews and repairs the body. It is the dynamo, the reservoir, the force behind the conscious mind. It has intuition; it can see what is happening at a distance, and has telepathic power. When left to be natural, it produces fine results.

"The Medical Lancet," London, tells of a young woman who became insane when her lover went away. For over fifty years, she has been confined in the asylum, but now at seventy, she is as young in looks as when she was confined fifty years ago. Why? Because she has believed herself young and has kept constantly before her mind that her lover was coming back and she must be young and beautiful, when he returns. Her subconscious mind has applied these thoughts to her body, and there are no wrinkles of skin, no grey hairs.

A French girl took a prize in painting and declared that she did not deserve it, because some one had helped her when she was away. It was discovered that she was getting up in her sleep and painting in a manner of which she was utterly incapable when awake.

The superconscious mind, is the mind of the spirit. It is God in you. It is God's method of making contact with you. It is God's way of getting into you. "It is that which was never born, is never sick and never dies." This spirit mind fusing the conscious mind makes us what God wants us to be; we become spirit-minded, where before we were carnal-minded. We now have the combination that unlocks great resources. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight," is this combination.

These three realms of the mind give us the tools to apply and the world gives us the necessary things to work upon for our growth and success in life.

To apply Christian Psychology we must organize it. What is the good of a lot of material spread about us, if we will not organize it. Our great war was prolonged because of a lack of organization. All was here, but we were not prepared.

Iron ore when brought out of the mines, must be organized through the smelter and builder, into an engine or bridge before it comes to its full value. Wood, stone, metal and marble must be organized for value and application. Going to camp is organizing; going to school, college, is organizing. Our brains need to be organized, so also our bodies, and our spirits. Spirit is organized by spirit, bodies by exercise and diet and minds by concentration and expression.

Our minds are gardens where the roses of health and the weeds of disease are struggling for expression, for life. We must not let the roses get the worst of it. To be indifferent is to drift backward. Everything in the world has a tendency to drift if let alone. A flower garden, an orchard and a farm drifts backward if not given positive care. Thus, it is with the mind. It must be organized, cultured to get best results. Every day that you organize good thoughts, you are putting happiness checks into the bank of health and power.

Keep in mind that a thing must be first thought out before it can be wrought out. Think hard and clear upon the thing you want to do. Concentrated thinking sets up an increased activity in the consciousness, and

you begin to draw the things you are seeking, and energizing factors will help you to get your earnest desire. Whatever is given attention in the mental world, will be likely realized. In your thinking, think health, happiness, prosperity and success and you will draw these things toward you and you will push out toward them. To think weakness, poverty, disease, is to take a step toward them. Just as you would plant your trees in good soil, so plant your mind in the fertile field of health, life and success. To be disobedient to the law of right thinking is to pay the penalty of weakness and disease. Obedience to the law of education gives a trained mind; obedience to the law of exercise gives a strong body; obedience to spirit, gives spiritual results. Failure to obey the law brings trouble and illness. Failing to obey the law of heat, one has a cold; failing to obey the law of education, one has ignorance; failing to obey the law of health, one has disease.

Organizing is auto-suggesting to yourself. By this means one can to a great extent make or unmake himself. You get what you go after. Down in West Virginia there was a little hamlet that wanted a post-office, and so they appointed a committee, who petitioned the government for it. The government officials sent back word that they could have it and what name did they want it called? The people said: "We don't care what you call it, only we want a post-office." And so the post-office was called: "WEWANTA."

What our mind fastens upon through auto-suggestion, generally comes to us sooner or later. This is one of

the laws of metaphysics: Get your mind upon a thing, and you begin to attract it to you, as well as create it.

Organizing is affirming. "Refuse to express a passion, a desire, and it dies." Affirmation is the fiat of the will; the yea of the soul. When a thing is affirmed, faith in it is confirmed. Jesus used affirmations in His seven "I ams," in which He disclosed His power and self-hood. Emerson says: "Nerve yourself with incessant affirmations."

Affirmation is a statement of your possibilities in oneness with God. It is recognizing the ideal to be made real. It is seeing the perfect man, the health man you are reaching after in your thought. And a man is more likely to reach a certain goal who aims for it. A young man in entering college put the letter V over his door. When asked what it meant, he said: "You will know some day." At the end of his college life he was the valedictorian of his class, and his friends then knew the secret of the letter V. That letter was a great affirmation.

A boy one time was looking for a job, and he saw a sign hanging on the outside of a window, which said: "Boy Wanted!" He stepped up to the sign, and taking it down, walked into the office and said: "I have come to take the job, sir." The proprietor looking up saw the sign under the boy's arm, and said: "What have you got that sign for?" The boy replied: "You don't need it out there any longer, for I took the job when I came in, sir." The proprietor gave that boy the job. He affirmed.

Look out for false affirmations. A deception plays

havoc with the perceptive faculties. Do not say: "I am good," when you are bad. Remove the wrong and supply the good, and then affirmation will help you. It is not healthful to declare: "Pain does not exist," for why declare the non-existence of what you may think is non-existent? To deny a thing is to recognize it. If a person should come into my home and go about saying: "I am not hungry! I am not hungry!" I would go and get him something to eat. And so when a person says: "I am not sick! I am not sick!" I know he is sick.

But one can affirm: "I am a branch of the Vine"; "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." "Christ is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." "He bare our sicknesses," because the Scriptures say so. Such affirmations give faith, hope and courage to the Christian and are an application of the promises of God, which constitute the best medicine for the life of man.

We apply Christian Psychology by utilizing what we have. When you use what you have, you get more. This is a law in the seed world, and natural world. When one uses his brain, he gets more. Elaborate your ability, stretch it to the very last notch, and you will acquire more. Most of your limitations are in yourself, in your mind. Your achievement will never rise higher than your real self-faith. And the deed must live in the thought first, or it will never be a reality. A strong vigorous idea of the thing you want to do is a tremendous initial step to get it.

Do not give yourself to dead things. One time a

man climbing a mountain was about to grasp a branch ahead of him, when the guide called out: "Not that branch—it is a dead one—take the next one—the living one." A dead faith—a dead mind, that has no action, no life in it, will destroy you.

You utilize good psychology when you hold yourself in a positive mind. Negatives never accomplish anything. There is no life in them. They make for weakness, deterioration and death. He who talks about hard times, poor health and poverty, attracts these things to him. There is no science in the world which will bring a thing to you while your thought repels it. He who would get up in the world must learn to deny his belief in limitations.

"It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation for himself in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law, and must study and become imbued with its principles."

Is it not therefore, more foolish to expect to develop a strong, vigorous mentality while acknowledging weakness or deficiency? So long as one allows himself to contemplate any personal defect, mental or physical, he will fall below his possible attainment. "Banish your ghosts, your unrealities, your enemies of success and happiness from the mind, by letting negatives go. You can get out of the basement of darkness and ill health and failure and get up into the sky parlour of light and health by bringing in the positives of life.

Be positive in the presence of an enemy. To be negative is to lose out to him. You cannot be over-

come as long as you are positive. You cannot have bad bargains pushed on to you, as long as you are positive. You cannot be injured as long as you keep your thought spiritual and noble. Do not be afraid of "malicious animal magnetism," so long as you are true yourself. Remember that no one has as much power over you as you have over yourself. When you let your thought down to foulness, badness, evil, then it is true that the badness of other people's minds may get into your mind, because you live or vibrate on the same plane as they do.

To help yourself, stamp the right pattern into your mind. Whatever pattern the conscious mind gives is built by the subconscious mind. "The spiritual therapeutist is essentially both destructive and constructive and must possess a true understanding of man's real nature, so that he may destroy the beliefs of a human heritage of materiality, burdened with instincts, ranging from primitive savagery to polished veneer, and in their place bring to the surface of human consciousness and knowledge a divine heritage of spiritual perfection and infinite good. This knowledge is the doom of all misery, for the greatest foe to mankind is its own ignorance."

"The human mind, gazing on its own imperfect images, reproduces and multiplies countless expressions of its own type. But man turning to his divine heritage and gazing upon the perfect image or health in God, reproduces infinite power and health, which makes for true health." Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, "or in other words whether to turn to human

patterns and conditions that bring decay and weakness, or to the true and real, that bring perfect health and power in God."

No man is ever sick in his superconscious mind of itself. Spirit is always health. "Error is burned up the moment man ceases to behold it." Look through it, and not to it. "A great truth here. While I believe sin and sickness are something more than error, yet we are not to look at them, but through them to God. There is no sickness beyond God's power. And God never performed a greater miracle than to change a man's heart and nature. If he can do one, He can do the other. But we must co-operate with Him by not seeing discordant conditions, but the reality of things.

Form corrective habits of thinking. "Do not be occupied with yourself. Do not talk about your symptoms. It is a commonplace of modern psychology that the intensity of any sensation increases in proportion to the attention given or directed to it. Many people who do not feel well, seem almost obsessed with a desire to discuss their ailment. A watched pot never boils. We might also say, that a watched symptom never stops boiling."

Do you need more money, more physical resources? Recognize that you have in you somewhere a spiritual faculty which was created in you for the purpose of helping you to get in your life whatever you need. You may direct this energy in its creative force in a number of ways. You can form a vivid and definite picture of money coming toward you, and you will get help. You may say: "I have wealth coming to me, for God flows

into and through me, and brings forth for my needs." Get the idea that when God brought forth the children of Israel from Egypt, he "brought them forth with silver and gold." He wanted them to have that which met their necessities. He desires the same for you. Keep affirming and seeing your needs met. In this way you will be pushed out to get, and you will find material things coming toward you. Keep positive here, and not negative. This will help greatly your success.

To help a friend, seat yourself, and shutting your eyes, get a mental picture of your friend, and then when you see him clearly, speak directly to him as if he was in the room, saying what you wish to declare to him. You have lodged in his subconscious mind the seed thought of help. The force has been put to work, and the result must be awaited. But help has been given. It makes no difference how far off the friend may be. The thought or force which comes from one person to another is as real as a current of air or electricity. If another's thoughts are richer; if he has more foresight, better judgment, more spirituality, these qualities will be added to help the mind they are sent to, to be stronger.

If a friend is near, but obstinate to your desire and help, say nothing to him, but work for him silently. In this way, the work is more effective because you will not have the conscious opposition of his mind, the positive fighting, but rather the negative attitude. If your work is good, for their spiritual help and moral uplift, it will grip for the best. If it should be evil, you will find that your conscience will weaken your

concentration and your work will not be as effective.

To help some one in your presence, who desires your aid, go to them and explain simply what you are trying to do, tell them what you can about the mind and how it works, and then affirm to them that they are a "Branch of the Vine," and that therefore Christ's life is pouring itself into them for every needed help. This will grip and bring results.

The friend plans for a flowing in, and you plan for a flowing out toward the friend. He puts himself into a receptive attitude, and you put yourself into a giving attitude. Of course you are the channel of communication when it comes to spiritual power. God alone heals; you are a wayshower.

It is also to be understood that some of the most effective work done in healing for a friend is while he is asleep. He is perfectly relaxed which prevents any conscious opposition to the treatment. You also treat most effectively while asleep. Before going to sleep you impress your mind that it is to convey curative suggestion to your friend, and then, by the general principles of the relation between the conscious and subconscious mind, this suggestion is carried out during all the hours of the night or while the persons may be asleep. Just as two telegraphers may communicate and talk with each other during the night, when not otherwise occupied, so the two subconscious minds help one another.

This same thing is true regarding God's relationship to you, only in an infinite degree, where ours may be in the finite degree.

To help yourself, affirm that there is no such thing as sickness in the spirit mind. Say over and over again: "I am well in spirit." This will be true if you are living the Christian life, and hold to the fact that the self you are trying to realize is not your conscious self, but your spirit self. In this way you will make no false affirmations and not be misunderstood by the world about you.

A noted thinker says: "Whatever the mind is set upon, or whatever it keeps most in view, that it is bringing about, and the continual thought or imagining must at last take form and shape in the world of seen and tangible things."

That there are limitations and delays to one's work is found in everyday life, as well as in the early disciples. These delays may come from a lack of faith, because of unrepented sin, because of human relationships, because of our fears. There must be a limit to these things somewhere,—else why did Paul and John die? There must come a time when we long to go and be with Christ which is far better. But as long as one yearns to love, God will not mock the soul, and we may pray and labour with faith.

And to apply Christian Psychology we must spiritualize ourselves. One of the great calamities of the hour is the fact that many of the higher institutions of learning, do not spiritualize their psychology. The breath of life is not there; only the cold, dead form that lacks the movement of real power and life.

"Man is a spirit. All else is secondary and incidental. We know that the material world has only a

phenomenal reality—that it exists only because you, I and God exist. It has no being in itself. Our poor material brains have been evolved in the midst of things and we think things, shapes, solids, are realities. The reality is you. Seize the reality, act on it, assume its power, and the mountains will stand aside. Man is a spirit, eternal, with infinite possibilities. As the spiritual world is real, so are the laws of the spiritual world real. Act according to the spiritual laws and you shall live richly, strongly."

"We are not to think that we can live the life of the spirit, out of touch with God the great spiritual reality. Do not think that you can achieve an abiding faith without having faith in something that abides. God is the guarantee that our ideals are real and will come true. Pray to Him then, for He hears, and spirit with Spirit shall meet."

When one turns to the spirit he has demonstrated that he is ready for the beginning of regeneration. "And automatically and unfailingly he has brought into his life the power from above." He has made an alliance with the heavenly power-house and connected himself up with all resources, all wisdom, all success, all life. He cannot fail now. He may be hindered, obstructed for a little, but he moves on toward the goal of life and all power. He cannot be defeated. He is linked with the eternal and more abundant life. "All things are yours—and you are Christ's and Christ is God's."

Here, then, is our source of help and power. Here we give the method of applying. Do you believe?

Hast thou faith? According to your faith be it unto you.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" when Pilgrim came to a river which lay between him and the gate, he asked the man by the waters, if they were all of a depth. He said: "No! You shall find them deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place." And thus will it be with you in the application of these things. Have faith in Him, and you shall see, know and realize.

"He who dares to assert the spirit I,
May calmly wait, while hurrying Fate,
Meets his demand with sure supply."

XIV

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ORATORIO

THERE are many ways of expressing a truth. It may be painted like Rubens' "Descent from the Cross"; it may be sculptured like Michael Angelo's "Moses"; it may be built into a Cathedral like Westminster Abbey; it may be put into story like Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur"; it may be pictured like "The Shepherd of the Hills"; it may be sung like Handel's "Messiah"; it may be dramatized like "The Passion Play." Our Master cast much of His teaching into dramatic form. He thus teaches the story of the Sower, the Shepherd, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal and the Bridegroom.

One of God's greatest efforts will be "The World's Greatest Oratorio." There have been some magnificent productions of music in the history of man. Thrilling music has had a marvellous effect upon the souls of men. It has inspired the soldier; it has thrilled the mystic; touched the soul of the worshipper; lifted up the sorrowing; moved the race. It is the one thing sought in every home and cabin. It has chords in us that vibrate to its several movements and strains and it is the one thing let down from heaven to earth.

Music has no mortal artist for its inventor. It was born in heaven, in the soul of the Creator, and He

has implanted it in all His children and it is His own gift of heaven for us all. But the supremacy of this gift is not found on the earth. "The Messiah" is not the great oratorio of all time, it is only the prelude of that which is to come. The World's Greatest Oratorio, will be "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

Its composer will be God. Therefore BEING THE GREATEST, His composition will be the greatest. He knows where to put all sounds; where to find all harmonies; how to develop new tones; put together new combinations. All strains will be in the Master touch and command, and we shall be filled with its glory and satisfied with its melody.

How great the effect of music upon us, when a human master brings it forth! What cannot the voice do in its glorious sympathy and thrills! What wonderful throbbings are packed into a violin when the spirit of a human master lays hold of it! Who can forget the old trapper John Norton's feelings as expressed after he had heard the lad play, in "The Man Who Didn't Know Much." "I have heerd most of the sweet and terrible noises that Natur' makes, boy; I have heerd the thunder along the hills when the Lord was knockin' agin the 'arth until it jarred; and I have heerd the wind in the pines and the waves on the beaches when the darkness of night was on the woods and Natur' was singin' her evenin' psalm; and there be no bird or beast the Lord has made whose cry, be it lively or solemn, I have not heerd; and I have said that man could not make so sweet a noise as Natur' makes when the Sperit of the universe speaks through her stillness;

but ye have made sounds tonight, lad, sweeter than my ears have ever heerd on hill or lake shore, at noon or in the night season, and I sartinly believe that the Sperit of the Lord has been with ye, boy, and gin ye the power to bring out sech music as the Book says the angels make in their happiness in the world above. I trust ye be grateful, lad, for the gift the Lord has gin ye; for though yer tongue knows little of speech, yit yer fingers can bring sech sounds out of the fiddle as a man might wish to have in his ears when his body lies in the cabin, and his sperit be standin' on the edge of the Great Clearin'!"

I know what music can do here. It has lifted me up, gripped my heart strings and soothed many a sigh and sob of the soul. It had pushed me out to reach for the eternal and given me a dream of heaven. But there, I shall be enchanted with joy and saturated with the infinite songs.

What a Choir selected to sing the World's Oratorio! One hundred and forty and four thousand. All picked voices; all trained for this occasion; all balanced in parts; all expression given! Have you ever seen such a number massed together? Forty thousand is the largest number I ever saw banked in a mass so I could behold them. That was a wonderful sight, thrilling and moving in influence. But these were not the actors; they were the beholders.

One of the world's greatest choirs was at The World's Fair, Chicago, a few years ago. It contained a thousand picked voices and it gave "The Messiah." It was a wonderful rendition of that music. But here

is a choir of one hundred and forty-four thousand massed together in perfect accord and training. Could there be any greater honour than to be allowed or chosen to sing in it? The selection of that choir is now going on. What requirements are demanded? The first, will be purity of life; relationship to the noble and the high. It will not be standing in the social world; it will not be necessarily musical training here; it will not be wealth nor intellect; but it will be a love for the holy; a longing to be like Him; it may be service for the Master; a sympathy for the coming kingdom of our Lord and His Christ. With these in the heart, the voice can be loosed with a divine touch and chords set vibrating that give one a place in such a choir.

May it not be that we do the selecting for this choir! Here a leader, a committee is most likely to do it. But we select ourselves by our own work, our own preparation. We get this selection by our daily drill in things divine; by putting into our lives the parts of this oratorio as we train in daily pursuits.

It is said that at one time a great teacher announced that he would bring out his favourite pupil in a recital. One pupil had only been given parts, not any whole of music. She chafed and sometimes felt as if she was not being dealt with squarely, but she was faithful to the work given and trusted her teacher to make known the time when she should be given a chance to show her skill. At the recital, at a certain time, he came to his announcement as to who the favourite pupil was. He beckoned to her, to her amazement and timid, wondering, she came forward, while he pointed to the

music set before her. She saw at a glance that it was a whole of all she had been practising upon. Seating herself she justified him and honoured herself. May it not be thus with us! We can reach the goal, we can elect ourselves. It is in us! Some of us will gain the much desired honour.

It is true that there is in us a desire to take part in this oratorio. Our nature responds to the big and fine. If we see something great, we leap to it in joy and pleasure. If we hear some soul-stirring music, we feel movements within that push us out to be and do that which is worthy of our endowments. The soul has luminous hours which sweep it far beyond the ordinary. It makes possible a Twenty-third Psalm; a Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians; an Elijah in music; an Angelus in painting; a Saul by Browning; a King Arthur by Tennyson. There is in all of us a something that leaps to the call for such a joyous privilege of chanting the praises of Christ.

The composition of this oratorio has to do with the beginning and the ending of things. "They sing the song of Moses and the Lamb." Moses stands for the beginning, while Christ stands for the ending. We have always wanted to know about the beginning of things. Here will come the revelation that shall unlock many of the mysteries of the past and give to us the story of God unfolding in the world's history. Moses' song was of a reigning God, a mighty Sovereign in the midst of His works. He reigns by law and upholds all things by His power. Ezekiel with his vision brings in his minors of the song, and Jeremiah

is plaintive and sorrowful. The song of the Christ-birth will be heard again and lead into a new rhapsody that will have its expression in "Hallelujahs!" "There is a Green Hill Far Away," will lead us to Him who was crucified "without a city wall" with minglings of sadness and joy at the love that was deep enough to go the utmost need of human life. "But He shall reign forever and ever," will bring us to our feet and "Alleluia! Alleluia!" will break forth from all hearts singing and hearing this wonderful oratorio. But why imagine? It is beyond the heart of man to conceive! How then can he write it?

Note the fact that in the composition of this oratorio we have a most valuable suggestion as to what kind of music we should give attention in our daily practice. Heaven's music is to be made up out of the religious side of life. If we expect to have a part in it, or to hear it, we must cultivate the taste for it. Today the taste is running too much to the "rag time," conception. Such is the output of trivial minds, the product of the buffoon. Most people are keeping time to a perpetual "ta-ra, ra-ra boom-de-aye."

When men and women rush to the theatre on Sunday night, neglecting the house of worship in the morning, and give themselves to frivolities of the hour, they have a ragtime music in their life. Why men and women go up or down, is not understood as it should be. Our keynote decides in the long run our place in the heavenly life. We must give our work and life here the right pitch in order to take up the strain *there*. The most effective electives to things above are those which link

to the causes of Christ in the earth. Jesus gave us our pitch when He separated all society into two classes, and put the one group of men who loved His little ones on the one side, and those who harshly judged their fellows and disregarded men, on the other side, and then, laying His hand, not upon the well-to-do, not upon scholars, not upon the men of rank or station, not upon the righteous, but upon the heart-broken, men who had been caught by avarice, the women who had been overtaken by passion, prodigals who had sinned against every law of decency and sobriety. He took the hand of the orphan, and the street Arab and waifs, who had been forsaken of men, and said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to these, ye did it not to Me." Therefore, be gentle with men. Do not spurn them. Deride no woman. Scorn no movement, be sympathetic toward every reform that lifts up and helps men. Broaden your scope of every interest that is good. Love your fellow-men enough to help them; then, and not till then, will you have the true keynote of a song, that shall make you worthy of the choir in heaven.

This oratorio will have minors and majors of music in it for it is made up of that which has gone on between Moses and the Lamb. It will tell the complete story and no doubt that the majors will be more soul-stirring for the minors that lead up to their glorious chords.

We have our minors and majors here. Life is a school, and joy and suffering are our teachers. The book of Revelation speaks of the great things that come to the overcomers.

Joseph is sold into Egypt; he is sent to prison for his virtue; his life is now in the minor. But he passes over into the major when he becomes the prime minister of Egypt. The minor then is the gateway to the major.

The music that made the finest and most lasting impression upon me, I heard a few years ago upon the organ in the First Presbyterian Church in Portland, Oregon. It was an exquisite rendering of the Alpine Storm. The musical magician sat at the organ and called forth voices of rapturous sweetness and power from the divine heights and from the mystic depths. At first the Alpine horn is heard calling to shelter the flocks from the fury of the storm, whose approach is threatened by the rumbling of distant thunder. The tempest speedily gathers strength, grows louder and marches nearer. More and more furious the elements become, until that thunderstorm among the mountains culminates in a crash which shakes the church to its foundations. But all the time across the fury of the storm I hear the sweet notes of a hymn; a choir of sweet voices is singing, and the notes rise pure and triumphant above the tumult of the driving storm. It is a battle between the hymn and the furious crash of the storm notes,—the hymn of trust, and the lash of the hail on the roof, the roar of the thunder and the resounding echoes in the valley, which well-nigh drown the voices of the singers. But at length the fury of the tempest is spent, the warring elements grow calmer and the reverberations die away among the hills like the expiring tones of a frustrate demon. Then the voices in

the hymn grow clear, liquid, triumphant. At last the storm dies away into a peace like heaven, and soon God's sunshine smiles between the clouds. The world is lighted with gladness. The sweet voices still sing on, the hymn prevails, the hymn conquers the warring elements of sound, the chorus becomes more jubilant, until, in a flood of harmony, the hymn ends in an anthem, and the enchanted hearers feel as though they had heard music, not of this weary earth, but through the gates of heaven left ajar.

The storm is in the din of the daily battle, daily sorrow. Life is not all sunshine. The black clouds are here, the thunder, the enemy, the fears, the scares, all are here. But the hymn is here. Above everything discordant and terrible the musical voice of faith is always sounding; faith confident and victorious, thrilling with memories of unexpected restorations, of signal deliverances; and we believe the hymn and not the storm is the real thing, the prevailing, conquering melody in this universe of God's. Faith, not doubt; light, not darkness; joy, not sorrow; music, not discord; peace, not tumult; life, not death; the hymn, and not the storm—these are the lasting things and the prevailing things, not the loud thunder, but the matchless song.

There comes to the human soul echoes of this far-off oratorio. It is these that stir and inspire us to the greater and more important things of life. Who can estimate the value of these echoes in the world!

The echoes of America reach the peasant of Europe through those that are here, and hearing the story of

America, its opportunities, its privileges, a longing is begotten which finds its realization as he starts away for the new land of democracy. Men and women of the East hear of the marvellous West and the vast resources there; of land that may be taken up; mines that may be located; timber that may be secured; of the warm, sunny California, and they move on and out to these sections of our country. All these echoes may be more for the material, but have their influence upon life.

Then there are men who get the echoes of mighty movements in the plans of God. "When God would order some great movement in society, he finds a mind where He may drop a seed thought, and these are powerful enough to wake up and bring up new movements in the life of men." This was true in the life of Moses; of Paul; of the Pilgrims; of Livingstone; of the pioneers and the explorers.

It was Emerson's custom to go every day into the woods, *to listen.* He heard echoes of great things, and coming out of his retreat he gave them to the world. Tennyson wedded noble life to noble thought, and caught strains that are echoes of that far-off melody of heaven.

An American artist was asked to sculpture a great American preacher. In order to get into the life of the man, he studied the New Testament. He hoped that he might find the inspiration of this great man. When he finished the reading of it, he said to a friend: "I have never before had such a clear view of Christ. That Man can have all of me there is." The echo led to the reality.

An echo is contained in the substance of a reflected reality, the evidence of something not seen. The heart may be Echo City, where come strains from the heavenly reality. "Like Echo-Lake, the '*echo*' reflects the likeness of its creator from the croak of a frog, the bark of a dog, bray of the mule, or the voice of a man, to the sound of music."

Remember we hear the voice of Echo-land only where there is a harmonious relationship. There, echo does not manifest itself where there is discord. Only that life tuned to the Infinite possibilities catches the glory of the music that is to be. Once a man enters into this relationship of divineness, he finds the serenity, the poise and the sense of the nearness of God to his soul, and he becomes alive to Christ.

The reason that this echo comes to us, is that we may walk the highways and byways of the world and help bring in the melody that strengthens and inspires hearts to make the fight for life and victory. We cannot get the right life without the right echo; and we can not find the great song until we have found the great pitch and note of living. It is "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

It is also inferred that there will be a great orchestra to support this wonderful oratorio. David said: "As well the singers as the players on instruments, shall be there." Handel asked for a full orchestra to play his music. Only such, could make fully effective the work that he had done. We may be sure that there will be a mighty orchestra there. We may be of that sustaining part! What an honour! What an education!

The multitude cannot sing or play in this great oratorio, but it can hear it. This is our right and this is our call to noble living and doing. The invitation has been extended to all "Come," and participate in the festival of heaven. The invitation is in your hands in the Word of God; it is in your memory through the teachings of the past; it is in your own soul, calling for an acceptance of the same.

The two things the men of this world have most wished are the philosopher's stone, to turn base metals into gold, and the secret of endless life. If these things were to be obtained somewhere in this world, who would not strive to obtain them? Men have grown grey, and some have lost their reason, trying to solve the problem of transmuting metals. The discoverer of Florida was an aged sailor, who sought to find the fountain of perpetual youth in which to wash away the scars of wars and years.

These are but dreams and shadows of things that are! In the Book there is a basis of faith which does turn the common things of life into the gold of character. Here one may learn the secret of the ageless life. Here one finds the invitation to the marriage of the Lamb and His bride, the church and to the festivities that last forever and give joy and never-ending health.

Let the soul, the instinct of heavenly things guide you to the festival of music and fasting in the delights of the immortal life! The soul is like a bird caged from the nest that yet remembers something of its real life in the forest of trees and flowers, and in summer days hears snatches of song from far-off fields,

and yearns, with all its little life for that liberty which it has never proved, for those songs which it never learned to utter, though it strives in broken notes for them.

"Some adventurous hunters robbed an eagle's nest of an eaglet. Brought home he was reared among fowls, that he might perform domestic duty. As he grew, he grew apart from the children of the dunghill, and sat moody in sullen dignity. As his wings secretly grew strong, they were clipped. When on a summer's day, wild in the heaven the hawk screamed, every fowl in the yard ran cowering to a shelter, but he with flashing eye, and discordant scream, reared himself to fly. But alas! he could not fly! He could not rise. He fell sick. He would have died, if he might. They let him alone. His pinions grew again. They forgot him. But he forgot not. The sky was his abode. And when, one neglectful summer day, all were dozing, from afar up in the sky—so far that none could see, but he, there came down a cry so faint that no ear heard it, except the eagle's. Then, with sudden force, all its life beating on its breast, up it sprang. Away from the yard, its fowls, its owners, over the rick, and over the barn, over the trees, and over the hills, round and round in growing circles, beaten with growing power of wing, the free eagle sought its fellow, and found its liberty right under the sun."

And such is to be our history, if we live in the spirit. The mighty "Come!" of heaven will lift, strengthen and pull us upward to the life of the spiritual.

Are we making preparations for this oratorio? Have we sent in our application for a seat at this coming festival of music? "It is without money," but not without price. "The pure in heart shall see God." The application of the principles of a noble Christian life, make for an entrance to the golden city of many joyous festivities and glorious development. Here is where our research should tend, our investigations and experiments should point, our emphasis should be given. This is to live in the strains of music that ultimately leads to the place where "they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

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